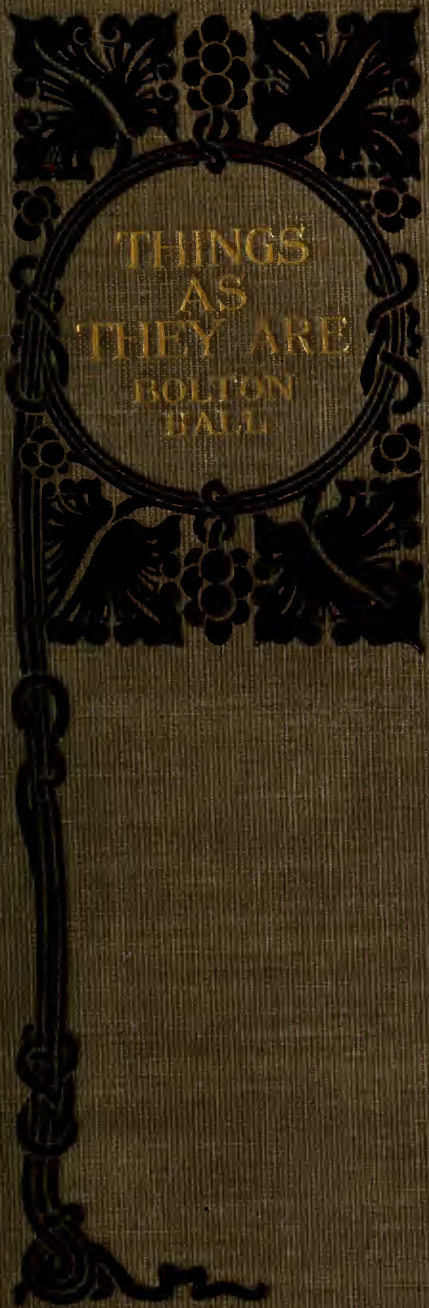

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THINGS AS THEY ARE

By BOLTON HALL

THINGS AS THEY ARE

By

BOLTON HALL

Author of Even as You and I

With an Introduction by

George D. Herron



Boston
Small, Maynard & Company
1899

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THE BASIS OF THIS BOOK

Preface.

The chapters which compose the first part of this volume are designed to show, in a logical manner, the purpose and the order of the development of man. Man learns but slowly by experience, unless he perceives the principles to be apprehended and the way of the Eternal teaching.

The parables were written to illustrate these principles, as set forth in the opening chapters; but, except in a few cases, it has been thought better not to indicate the application in the text. Those who cannot receive the essays are asked to read the parables, those who cannot receive the parables are asked to read the essays, before passing final judgment on their message.

Some of the parables and parts of the essays have been published in Collier's Weekly, *the*

Preface

Criterion, *the* Outlook, *the* Christian Endeavor World, *the* Ram's Horn, *the* Arena, *the* New Voice, *and the* Philistine, *to the Editors of all of which my thanks are due for permission to republish.*

BOLTON HALL.

New York City,
September, 1899.

Introduction.

The spiritual philosophy of the kingdom of heaven is profoundly and simply presented in Things as They Are. *The roots of social wrong and the principles of social right are vividly shown by parables. The intellectual and moral entanglements which result from attachment to vested interests, the puerility of much that is called science, the pitiable littleness of professional religion, are set forth with what might be called a merciless sweetness of spirit. The exposition of the law of love, at the end of the letters, reads like a new epistle from Saint John.*

Subjectively,— that is, as regards our own minds,— the kingdom of heaven is a state in which a man loves all his kind, and lives in communion with the love that is the substance of all things, without regard to reward or return. Self is eliminated from the horizon of thought and purpose. The affections enter that region of boundless selflessness in which one bestows all there is of himself upon the

evil and the good, the loving and the unloving, the farthest and the nearest, without estimating the worth of one above another. He does not value his personal existence. He has no "interests." He lives in a universal communism of love. He dwells in a realm in which there is neither "mine" nor "thine," a realm beyond the reach of weights and measures, morals and laws. All there is of God is his, and all there is of himself is his brethren's. Nothing can happen to him, because he has nothing to do with happenings. From his point of view, nothing is evil. Beneath the shadows and the appearances of things, he abides in eternal love and life. Where he is, there is only good, love, and liberty.

Objectively,— that is, as regards the universe, — the kingdom of heaven is a society in which all men work for the common good, and each receives according to his needs or power to use; a society in which no man calls anything his own, because all belongs to every one; a society in which there is neither wage

nor interest, neither price nor bargain; a society in which there is no more question about how much one shall have over and above another than there is question about a division of the air for individual breathing. The coming kingdom of heaven on earth will realise, in all economic facts, the highest inward aspirations of the soul. Until there is a perfect harmony of these subjective and objective spheres, there can be no escape from social misery and tragedy. Only the civilisation that gives to him that asks, that turns not away from him that would borrow, that sends its highest privileges upon the evil and the good, that distributes all there is by an all-inclusive and non-exclusive voluntary communism, can realise the social perfection of our Father in heaven, who freely giveth us all things; who, when the sons of men had wasted or shut up the already prodigally given resources of the world of spirit and things, undertook to redeem them by giving them more spirit and more things.

It thus turns out that from the point of

view of a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, there is no such thing as a merely economic question. The land question, for instance, is a spiritual question, a problem of spiritual liberty, a matter of the salvation or destruction of human souls. It is only through the use of the land that the race can find spiritual unity with God.

Can such a society ever become a fact? Is the kingdom of heaven indeed at hand? We might change the question, and ask if anything else seems likely to be practicable. What is history and experience but an open book, on every page of which we may read, in blood-red letters, the waste and misery, the utter impracticability and imbecility, of anything and everything that is not obedience to the law of love.

When we really desire the kingdom of heaven, we shall see that it has been at hand all through the time of our wandering in the wilderness of experience and speculation. When the desire for the kingdom is strong enough, the ways and means will speedily

appear. It is desire that creates function, in both natural and spiritual development. It would be infinitely easier, if we only knew it, actually to realise the kingdom of heaven in the structure and organism of society than it is to make a better order by the thousand tinkerings, compromises, and "scientific methods" which we usually undertake.

The desire will be created by putting and keeping the idea of the kingdom of heaven before the minds of men until the thought of the people begins to gather about it. The apostles of the kingdom are sent to overcome the world by the witness of their faith. It is the ideal and the passion for it which have been the sole making force of history. This is the thesis of Hegel and Saint Paul. We can establish the kingdom in objective and economic facts only by first establishing it in human thought and faith. "When the ideal once alights in our streets," says Edward Carpenter, "we may go in and take our supper in peace: the rest will be seen to."

* *See Fable, "The Visionary."*

Introduction

That there is no individual extrication from social wrong is the blessing of both the individual and society. The passion for individual extrication is really the evasion of individual responsibility. The only Christian innocence in a world of wrong is the sacrifice of one's own life in bearing away that wrong. Only through the emancipation of the whole human life can the citizen of the kingdom realise his full liberty and citizenship. Only so, can we live the life of love,—the life of the Son of God. No man of love will wish to be extricated from the common wrong except as a part of the common life. He dares not seek a perfection that separates him from his brethren. He will no more drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God be full come, when he can drink it in fellowship with all his brethren in the ransomed society.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

Department of
Applied Christianity,
University of Iowa.

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Things as They Are

I. A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

A social experiment.— The Golden Rule impracticable alike for employer and employee.— Evil rule makes evil deed — Education by action.— The illumination.— Honesty unworkable in practice.— Suicide not a refuge.— No escape by withdrawal or martyrdom.— Protest.

I.

A Counsel of Perfection.

THE following is the experience, given, as nearly as possible in his own words, of one who tried to follow the Golden Rule. He is a man of unusual health, ability, and energy, but is unfitted for a tranquil career in the world, because his mental and his spiritual natures are so developed that he is unable to accept what he knows and feels to be untrue. Had he been less intellectual or had he been shielded by circumstances, such as inherited wealth or the possession of a monopoly, he might long have persuaded himself that he was fulfilling the whole law of love, while actually living at ease on his fellows.

Only such circumstances can blind any one who follows his convictions to the unavoidable consequences of right doing, that prevent even an approach to perfect obedience to the Golden Rule.

"I was," says this man, "a birthright

member of the Quaker body, and from my youth was filled with the Quaker spirit. I was impelled to do unto others as I would be done by, and to love my neighbour as myself, in every-day life and action; and what did it bring me to? Want! I lost all I had, as men told me I would. I inherited a fine farm and an interest in a prosperous factory. I had a good common-school education and excellent health, but these could not save my material wealth from the disastrous effects of trying to do right. A sample of how it worked will suffice. When a lad, I had sold some cows at the market, and spoke of the price I had gotten. Every one said I had gotten some shillings per head more than the cattle were worth. 'Then,' said I, 'I will go and give the sum back to the purchaser.' The very ones from whom I had my training laughed at me. But I did give it back. In the factory I paid, not the least that the hands could be got to work for, but what seemed to me a fair living wage. It is not hard to see how

soon all that, under our system of commercial and industrial warfare, parted my property and me.

"Then I was accused, even by reformers, of being hyper-sensitive and over-scrupulous. Having lost my all, I had to seek employment from other persons. I thought at the time, not understanding economics and social laws, 'Surely, now I can carry out the Golden Rule!' But, alas! I found the very reverse the case. In every situation, I had to tell lies orally or to act them, to cheat, to do everything that can be conceived of as the reverse of the Golden Rule or of any kind of right-doing. Now I was in a fix. I had arrived at the end of my tether; for I could find no place or condition on this earth in which I could do right and get enough to sustain life. Either I had to give up the whole Christian religion as totally impractical, a cheat of the first water, and die,— for the impulse to act the Golden Rule, having become second nature, made life too painful for me to live under

such conditions, — or, before taking the final stand, and refusing any further action, which would also entail death, to look a little deeper, and see what were the obstacles which prevented me, as an individual, from getting a living and at the same time carrying out, in every-day life, the Golden Rule.

"Remember, the teachers of my time maintained that an individual could observe the rule independently of any one else, and make a living. And this is where the orthodox teachers have such a hold on the people; for most people believe it is their own particular fault that they don't do right in every-day life, and always blame themselves, and believe they could do righteously, independently of any one else, if they liked. So long as their teachers keep them under this delusion, we can do nothing with them: this is why the churches have been the greatest obstacles to reform. Their officers are of the order of the priests of old, who were always denounced by the prophets. Here was I, willing to practise righteous-

ness at any cost; and yet finding it impossible. Here I was at death's door in consequence. I must either do right — which means doing nothing, and death by starvation as the result — or find out why I could not live and do right. This difficulty brought me to the end of the first lesson as to the sense in which we are 'guilty'; brought me into contact with the general laws governing our whole social fabric, and opened my spiritual understanding. In investigating these laws, some of which are governmental and sustained by force, and others conventional and enforced by custom, I was driven to the conclusion that both set of laws are artificial and man-made, having no fixed natural or divine foundation; and that, instead of promoting righteousness, which is right-doing, in the present, they are producing crime and misery, — the very conditions they profess to destroy.

"On further study, I was led to the inevitable conclusion that I am only an atom among the aggregate individuals governed by

these laws; and that, as an atom, it is impossible for me to act contrary to these laws and remain in the body, since all my bodily surroundings are governed and arranged by them: I found that we are individually controlled by the laws that we make collectively. Hence, if the laws are bad, the individual, notwithstanding his desire to be good, must obey them, or become an outlaw. Therefore, if he obeys them, he is, from the individual standpoint of good, a sinner; and, if he refuses, from the collective or legal point of view, a criminal.

"This at once explained why, from my first attitude as an individual, I found it impossible in every-day life to carry out the Golden Rule. It also forced upon me the conclusion that my individual attempts to be virtuous or to satisfy my own conscience, were actually hurting me and all humanity both morally and materially: hence that, so long as the present system lasts, I am powerless as an individual to do right in the smallest degree.

"This enlargement of my vision deepened and corrected my first or individual conscience, which was always thinking of the result of my actions on myself, and forced me to think of the result of my actions on other persons, first materially and afterward mentally and spiritually. This revelation of the control of law on the material plane, did not help me out of my first difficulty as to doing right: it merely explained why I could not do right as an individual or independently of others, and emphasised the general wrong-doing.

"I saw that, under the present systems, we receive the greatest material benefits from spendthrifts, blackguards, and destroyers, and should continue to bless them and to build monuments to them. Thrift is a curse. It is the people that recklessly demolish wealth who keep the wheels going. 'Our present industrial system,' says Rev. Herbert N. Casson, 'is actually built on such an insane plan that it rejoices in waste. "No waste, no business." When a great fire oc-

curs, the carpenters and masons rejoice; when sickness is prevalent, the doctors and druggists smile; and, whenever a death occurs, some undertaker is made happy.' The greatest material benefit the labouring people could have would be the sudden death of half of them; or, failing that, to dump half the wealth of the country into the sea. Either of these would raise wages, lower rents, and really 'improve the condition of the poor.'

"I saw that this should not be, and that our social system is unequalled for producing devils. It puts a premium on laziness. It promotes prodigality, produces intemperance and unnatural habits in eating, drinking, clothing, and is the fruitful source, directly or indirectly, of almost all irregularities in sexual relations.

"Here, again, I was brought face to face with death; for, if I refused to conform to these laws which directly or indirectly perverted every action of my life, I would soon be forcibly put out of existence. From my new standpoint, then, life was too pain-

ful to live, where I had continually to take my neighbour by the throat to put bread and butter in my mouth. There seemed nothing but death before me; and I longed for it, if there were no way out of the difficulty. My whole world had come to an end, and my heaven had passed away: nothing was left to me. I was heart-broken, and in the depths of despair and hell. I wished I had never been born. I saw no help in my lifetime; and, like Richter's man reviewing the universe, I wanted to lie down and be hidden from the persecution of the Infinite. Then came my full illumination, and in it I saw that I was a father trying to shirk the responsibility of rearing his children. I saw the suffering entailed by having to associate continually with those who were not on my own platform. In the new light, having daily to conform to the bad customs and laws made by the majority, I understood what was meant by being 'all things to all men,' and 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.' For, when our

desires are in accord with all the law of the universe, the fulfilling of those desires must be lawful. I realised now what it was to suffer on the cross, what it was to have to bear the sins of others. I found now, that I myself was freed from sin, not being a willing party to it; but, for the sake of others, I had to go on doing the things my soul revolted against. In other words, I had, as a natural man, to return and pitch pennies with children. Not that I approve of or prefer pitch and toss, but that this was the only platform upon which I could meet the children and on which they could understand me."

Such is the course of spiritual experience by which one is brought to the lofty meekness which inherits the earth, to that state in which we spread out our hands, so that we catch all the blessings of the Beatitudes.

If we act honestly with ourselves, doing the things which we profess to believe, we must come, either by death or life, to a new and higher existence. In what respects an

attempt at partial honesty, with regard to others, is desirable, each, in his circumstances, must decide for himself. The question should really be, "Is dishonesty or cheating ever justifiable to one who believes that acts have a moral quality in themselves?" "Is to lie, ever loving?" is another and a more difficult question.

To be honest is, neither to deceive nor to take anything, however necessary for ourselves, from any one, without giving him a full and satisfactory equivalent. That is, it is to fulfil the Golden Rule. But, it is easy to see the impossibility, under existing conditions, of so much as verbal honesty. Truthfulness brings its natural reward in the faith that it creates, often most valuable on critical occasions, but it results in martyrdom, in greater or less degree: so does all right-doing in the world as we have made it.

Our difficulties in doing right do not arise only in the strategies of war or other extraordinary situations.

Things as They Are

Nearly every one will assert that we ought to tell the truth and no lies. But so different are our theoretic and our actual beliefs, and so independent the practices governed by them, that we find, upon the attempt to apply our principle, that it is instantly repudiated.

Every doctor knows that his patients would not tolerate his telling the truth. The nervous invalid is seriously ill, "must be kept from all excitement," asks if he is in any danger. "Oh, dear, no! We shall be all right in a few days." (Dear, kind doctor!) "Well," says the nurse, "at the worst, that is an innocent white lie."

The lady's maid must lie as nicely as she sews. One can't be rude, and say one is engaged or "begs to be excused": that sounds so inhospitable. Besides, some people will say, "Oh, she will see me," and come in anyway. Much better say the lady is out, or "not at home,"—a mere phrase, a conventionality, which everybody understands. (Everybody, that is, except

those who, if they did, would insist on sending up their names, and those who would think the truth inhospitable or discover, thereby, that we are inhospitable.)

And, then, people have no business to ask if one is 'in': they should say, 'Is she receiving?' If they do get deceived, it is their own fault. Then all the little courtesies, 'Happy to see you!' 'Such a pleasant visit!' and so on. Why, society would be a bear-garden without them, even if they are untrue!" So it would: for living falsely necessitates falsehoods.

The bank cashier, again, the jailer from whom the combination or the key is demanded at dead of night, the request emphasised by a revolver: surely, he is not bound to tell the truth. Spencer says, "There is no moral relation between the parties." He cannot be expected to sacrifice his life for $100,000, which the trust company would hardly miss, nor even for $10,000, which would wreck the village savings-bank. Let him give them the wrong

numbers, and frustrate crime and save his own skin, or let them take the money he is pledged to protect!

Beautiful and convenient morality! Such a handy thing to have in the house in an emergency.! As a Christian lady told her child, who declined to say, "Glad to see you," "You must always say that, because it pleases people, whether it is true or not." Our success depends upon pleasing people.

Yet all this has its disadvantages. It does happen that, when the invalid is nervous only, not ill, and is told so, he still worries, because he thinks, " They only say I am all right so as not to frighten me." Nay, even when he is really getting well, and the doctor says, "We must cheer him up: hope will be more than medicine," he still thinks, "All this is a part of this affectionate system of lies: I am much worse." To be sure, the friend whom the fair one wishes to see, is uncertain whether she really is at home or away; and it is necessary now and then to call over the

banister that she was only constructively "out." Sure enough, it is demoralising to a trusted officer to have to make up his mind beforehand that he will be a coward or a traitor, if only enough inducements be held out, or, at least, if he be in sufficient danger. Then it is hard to get servants who have so nice a moral sense that they will lie for us, but not to us, and yet are not sensitive when we expose the lies we ordered.

If the banker may lie to save $1,000,000 from the burglars, so may he for $100,000, or for $10,000, or for $100. Even for a dollar he may tell a small lie, and a "little one for a penny." Yet how can he help telling lies, and live ?

If a matter of life and death will excuse deception, then danger of death must,— even some danger, or at least certainty of serious injury in a serious case; and "one cannot be too careful: any illness may prove serious."

Of course, deception, when willingly done, brings its own punishment, not only in in-

ability to get credence, but in the actual giving over to the belief of a lie. Let the practice go far enough, and the patient becomes unable to distinguish whether what he says is true at all or not. Ay: in order to excuse himself and to quiet his conscience, the sinner will deliberately set himself to believe the falsehood he has told. "I thought he would get better." "I really didn't remember the combination for the moment." *

"First I told him some lies. Then he told me some lies. He knew that I was lying, and I knew that he was lying. I knew that he knew that I was lying, and he knew that I knew that he was lying; and I knew that he knew that he was lying, and he knew that I knew that he knew that I was lying. Then we made our trade."

*The foregoing discussion of practical truthfulness was rejected by the New York *Observer*, *Evangelist*, *Independent*, *Christian Union*, the Chicago *Interior*, and others, on the various grounds that "the editor did not agree with your conclusions," that it was "too radical," that it was "not well to discuss such questions," that it was "out of our line," and so on. Such are the ecclesiastical guides to the kingdom.

Is not that an ordinary procedure in "striking a bargain?"

An interesting book called *Who Lies?* published by DeWolfe, Fiske & Company, Boston, illustrates the impossibility of honesty in our society.

There is no escape from these difficulties. To end our lives on earth, by lack of conformity to conditions or of proper care, or by reckless overwork, is but to shirk our lesson here.

Nor will it do, either to isolate ourselves, like anchorites, or to expose ourselves to death by refusing to conform our actions to the circumstances in which we find ourselves. Either course is merely to smother our voices; and, if we still the voices which can teach, and allow men to slay all the prophets, who shall prophesy to them? That would be only to keep back the development that we might have helped.

Martyrdom attracts attention and shows earnestness, but gives no explanation of that earnestness. It has secured comparative

freedom for thought and some freedom of speech from physical repression, and more martyrdom will be needed before we win these rights entirely; but, in other matters, its effect has probably been much exaggerated. Martyrdom is purely a protest; and, when expression is prohibited by force, it is the only protest possible.

It is not permissible for an enlightened man to sacrifice himself or his powers to all, as did Buddha in yielding himself to be eaten by the famished tigress. That was but a step, a necessary step, in his development. True self-sacrifice consists in co-operating with the divine law of evolution, that works in ourselves and in others, as soon as we recognise it. It is simply leaving the worse things for the better, when we see a better thing.

Nor should we allow ourselves to take to ourselves any more pain than we can avoid, on account of the folly or wrong-doing of others. Put the suffering where it belongs, because you love the sufferer. To do other-

wise is to take the children away from school. It may grieve you to see them arduously learning, but it cannot be helped. The only practical thing to be done is to teach and to protest, — to be the voice of one crying, if only in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way!" No other course is open.

II. A SEARCH FOR CONTENTMENT.

The struggle for existence among members of one body evolves love.— Universal responsibility.— Government, the result of the sum of wills, not of force.—Great and small alike answerable for war.— Shows order in nature.

II.

A Search for Contentment.

"For the things that are pleasant to have, for food, and for the best places in which to live, there is a competition among all living beings." The stronger in body or in wit get these things; and the weaker, "those less fitted to survive," are starved or pushed aside. Each creature struggles and devotes life trying to get good for itself or for its young. We are part of its struggle; and each of us takes from others the means of living, or even life itself, in order to secure good for ourselves.

As all are struggling for the same objects, all the rest are opposed to each one of us. And every competitor is engaged in counteracting our plans and in bringing us to nought. This is called "the pursuit of happiness."

Therefore, not even an antelope or an ant can live or die independently. It must either help its kind, in its degree, or injure

its kind, or perhaps, in some measure, however unconsciously, do both. We can choose only as to whether our competition shall be aimed to help or to hinder our fellows.

But the road to heaven lies through hell: through war comes peace. Suffering and death follow imprudence and weakness, to teach us wisdom and strength. Affection began with the attraction of male and female and with the necessity of defending each other, and the first conception of retribution sprang from revenge. Afterward this rose to the idea of justice. Accordingly, by natural and by sexual selection, by fights with each other and war with his kind, man has developed the ideas of prudence, of compassion, and of justice. Now we begin to understand that this fight for existence is not the object of life, but only the training for life; that not even a few can really succeed while every one opposes all the rest; that, as we rise higher socially and spiritually, we rise above the arena, and, looking down upon it, we see the brutality of it, and set ourselves to

cure the state of conflict with one another in which all are continually involved. We begin to think that it may be possible to love our neighbour as part of ourselves; and, instead of despairing of others, or of thinking of our own partial interests, we try to correct the conditions which force us to take part in wars, social and international, which we know to be wrong, but of which we are, nevertheless, part cause. For man is a social animal; and each individual is a part of the social community, and, to the extent of the influence he might exert, a part of its government, and is, in that degree, responsible for it and for its doings. It is said that every nation has the best government for which it is fit, and this is true; for government rests not upon force, but upon common purposes, and the purpose is only an aggregate of the wills of the individuals of the nation.*

*The anarchist's contention that "all government rests, in the last resort, on force," is not true, unless "force" be used to include moral influence. Children are sometimes governed, by wise and affectionate parents, without force. It is so that ants govern one another. For

That "he who wears a fetter needs it, and he who bears a kick deserves it," is true only of communities. The individual may struggle in the fetter and resent the kick, but he will be subjected to them till his fellows also, desire to be freed from them.

example, there is nothing to prevent one or more ants from seceding. Probably they sometimes do.

In a low state of moral development, resistance to aggression rests upon force; not in a high one. The boycott is not force, and is the common and most effectual means of inducing men to live socially; for instance, if you invite a man to dine, and he insult your wife, only a rough would kick him out. She would retire, and probably he would also, and you would simply refrain from inviting him again; nor would there be the slightest chance of his endeavouring to force himself into your house, unless it might be gently, for the purpose of making an apology.

The desire for approval is one of the strongest motives we have, and is ordinarily sufficient for all communal control. Where the boycott is used, it need not be, and is not ordinarily, of such a character as to deprive the subject of a tolerable existence. It is like the "sending to Coventry" of English schools. We have a legal and moral right to withdraw our co-operation and society from any one, when to do so is in the interest of another.

In a society which embraces some members of low development, force may be an ultimate resort, at least held in reserve as a threat. But those members could not complain of compulsion, and would not desire to. That is the only argument that the lowest creature can understand or use. It is the argument to which we are driven in dealing with a tiger, and to the tiger's stage of development it is just. The Quakers used aggressive force when the Iroquois attacked Philadelphia's environs. The apostle John would have used it, had a dog attacked him.

One of King Charles's ministers lampooned him, saying,—

"Here lies our Sovereign Liege, the King
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one."

"Yes," said Charles, "my words are my own: my actions are my ministers," Charles chanced upon a great truth. All our acts are the acts of others; and all theirs are ours. Over our words, we maintain some control. We are answerable for them both.

"The poor are guilty of the sins of the rich; for the poor are the many, and the rich are the few, and the many make the condition of which the few are a part" (*Science of the Millennium*, by S. and M. Maybell).

Yet there should be no quarrel with riches as such. Men are entitled to be as rich as they can be without robbing their fellows. There should be no objection to the coming billionaire, if he could come with clean

hands. If men like Edison or Bessemer, who save the world millions of miles of steps and thousands of years of time, know no better reward than money, it seems that they should have it. If a man saves ten hours of my time, I am willing to give him one, or, if he makes two dollars for me, I am glad that he should have a dollar.

Under free conditions a man with a million dollars could do no more harm than a man with a million hats.

But, unhappily, the great fortunes of the present day, like nearly all the small ones, are based upon monopolies, mainly patent, banking, tariff, and especially land, as is shown in the New York *Tribune's* list of four thousand American millionaires. Edison's wealth, for instance, is based partly on patent monopoly, but mainly on telephone franchises. "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar." "Scratch a millionaire, and you find a monopolist,"—a monopolist created by "our" laws.

There are not many of us that could,

single-handed, change a government, or prevent or bring on a war. Yet where governmental action is taken which results in deliverance or in death, whether of Cubans or Spaniards or Filipinos, it is your action and mine. You and I, as part doers of it, are partakers in the common wrong, even though we are only passive in the matter, and the blood of the victims is on our hands. And in evil and suffering this blood will be required at our hands.

In his famous letter to the mayor of Atlanta, General Sherman said: —

"War is hell. You brought on the war, and you must endure its horrors until it is ended." If the mayor had answered, "I am but one, I did nothing in my own person to bring on the war," he would not in the least have weakened Sherman's argument. Even could he have said, "I protested against this war, I left no stone unturned to keep it off," he would only have relieved himself of moral responsibility. Not the less, as a part, even if an involuntary part, of the

Southern Confederacy, he would be held to be a necessary participant in its hardships, and would feel himself that he should blush for, or glory in, the action of his State. So we participate in the crimes of society and in their consequence.

For, by his very nature, man cannot be alone. Our necessary association is the basis of progress: a solitary man could never rise to be more than a savage man, a brutish man. By association we develop helpfulness, sympathy, and love.

We find that this development is not an accident or a series of coincidences, and we therefore recognize that there is some kind of order in nature and in the universe; that some Principle has made man, for whom it is not good to be alone, suited to associate with his fellows; and that the same orderly Principle rules in ourselves. This association is a part of our nature, and from it there is no escape. It is neither good nor possible that man should be alone: he cannot be alone. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

III. OUR TRIPLEX NATURE.

Three sides to our nature.— Sense a simple one, easily satisfied, easily excusable.— Mental development complicates, spiritual progress adds to difficulties; later clears all.— Realises universal harmony.—Self-control follows, and, afterwards, internal peace.

III.

Our Triplex Nature.

THERE are three sides, or stages, to our nature, — animal, mental, and spiritual; they are several, like the sides of a triangle, — though in the perfectly rounded man or woman it is not possible to say where one side ends or the other begins. It is not necessary to assume that one has a separate body, mind, spirit, any more than to say that a man has in him a separate child, boy, and man. Through the three stages, in their order, every one sooner or later must pass, learning thereby to understand life; just as every one must pass through childhood, youth, and maturity.

The animal nature begins when life is conscious of itself. It is that which is affected merely through the five senses, which are all forms of touch, — tasting, smelling, hearing, seeing, and feeling. These may be highly cultivated in man or in beast. A beast spends its life in gratifying

them, having nothing to consider but its animal nature, and it lives a reasonable and satisfactory life in doing so.

Men of animal natures act likewise, and by so doing get the best and highest happiness of which they are capable, which is physical comfort and enjoyment. These are "the wicked" whose condition troubled Job and David so much; whose "eyes stand out with fatness," and whose "cow casteth not her calf" (Ps. lxxiii. 7; Job xxi. 10). David comforted himself with the thought that woe awaits them in the future. He certainly hoped so. In truth, they are but like young bears, with all their troubles and experiences before them. They have but one master to serve, the flesh; and, acting according to their simple natures, the way seems clear to them. As Charlotte Perkins Stetson says, "A cat can hold only a cat-full"; and when it gets that, no matter how, it is a happy cat. It is impossible to be angry with such persons when their condition is recognised. Therefore, it is

only in a relative sense that we can say of a cat that its nature is good or bad.

A "good" action, as Mr. Spencer observes (*Data of Ethics*), is one adapted to the end desired, as a "good" stroke at billiards is one which scores a point; and a "good" shot, one which kills the man at whom it is aimed. Therefore, when a cat finds another mate, or a dog worries the cat, or a merchant drives a hard bargain, that is a good act, from the point of view of the animal. It is only as each reaches higher aims, that action changes its character and rouses indignation or esteem.

To dislike or to be angry with any one is simply not to understand him. We know that cats are sly and cruel, yet no one hates a cat. We understand that such is its nature; and, seeing that circumstances made it so, we harbour no malice toward the beast. At the worst, transgressors are only astray; and, as Epictetus says, "Guides should not be angry with those who lose their way."

We would feel the same to our undeveloped

man, whom we call "wicked," as we do to the cat, if we knew what influence, heredity, and circumstances, made him as he is. While striving to better him, we would say, "For the kind of man that he is, he is just the kind of man he ought to be, though it is a pretty crude kind."

We all recognise the standard of each individual, as we excuse bad manners or bad morals by the reflection, "He knows no better" or "She did the best she knew." How, then, are the persons blamable for not doing better? Yet the errors which seem most ridiculous or contemptible are usually those which the perpetrator had no sufficient means of avoiding. These make us feel pleasantly superior because we had such means.

We know, did we but think, that all beings, whatever they do, are only acting out their nature. So acting it out, so long as they do not realise that there is any life higher than their own, whatever happens to them seems a natural part of all life, as

change seemed to the heathen philosopher, who, when he was told of the death of his son, replied, "I never supposed that I had begotten an immortal." Hence certain schools of "philosophy"—notably, the Epicureans—have taught that the highest good for man is to gratify his senses, and, later, that by "cultivating ourselves," so as to have many wants, and then gratifying them, we reach "the highest exercise of our faculties," and in this find happiness.

As a mere animal, man is, on the whole, in harmony with natural laws, and has animal happiness. But, as soon as the mind awakes, he begins to be dissatisfied, he comes into new conditions to which he is not adapted; and, as soon as the soul is quickened and the throes of the birth of the spirit begin, he is in more misery. He feels desires which he does not know how to gratify. He feels new natures, the mental and the spiritual, neither of which he can satisfy.

As Tolstoy says: "As soon as the mental

part of a person takes control, new worlds are opened, and desires are multiplied a thousand-fold. They become as numerous as the radii of a circle; and the mind, with care and anxiety, sets itself first to cultivate and then to gratify these desires, thinking that happiness is to be had in that way." The body becomes exhausted in the effort to keep up with the needless and unlimited demands which the mental development has opened up. Persons that have attained only to the mental development submit everything to the test of reason, which is correct; but there they stop, not recognising that there is any other or higher stage of being than their own. Persons in this condition usually think the world an evil one, since they do not understand how there can be any peace in it. The nerves become worn and wearied with the constant transmission of mere emotion, so that nervous prostration often becomes a chronic disease.

What we call "altruism," the preference by an act of will of the happiness of others

to our own, is the highest product of the mental side of our nature. It begins when we see and realise that we are brethren, or when a long experience of the race has ground into us that the suffering of others will certainly act and react, directly or indirectly, upon ourselves. Then we understand what misery is and the hopelessness of any individual escape from it except through the escape of all. But this is not full spiritual development: it is only the unbearable state which precedes that spiritual development that will recognise the good in all things. Being only a part, it cannot comprehend the whole development.

In the last stage of the three, as selfishness disappears, the spiritual man feels that he is spirit, and, as such, is in accord with all spirit and with the productions of spirit; that is, with all material things. Spirit understands the universe, as we understand steam, and can therefore use and control it as we use and control steam. Thus, becoming part of the ruling element, man has command over everything that is.

Until he reaches the spiritual stage, however, man is like the elephant, whose strength giants could not resist, but which, because he does not know this, is subject to a little child and frightened by a fluttering rag. In the spiritual stage a man sees things comprehensively and acts accordingly, and his spiritual perceptions are in harmony with reason. He realises that he is a necessary and proper part of the whole, and sees that his greatest good must come from the greatest good of the whole, not from the ascendency of any part of himself or of the universe; but that the animal, mental, and spirit natures are one, and are one with the universe, because a part of the universal Spirit.

The mind is superior in its nature to the body, and we are beginning to realise how it can extend its control over the body. It acts through the nerves, and includes them in this control. But what controls the mind? Is it not the nature which is higher still, the spirit?

We recognise two kinds of self-control: physical,—that by which, for instance, a man suppresses a start as a cannon is fired; or a woman forbears to scream as a wasp lights on her face: mental,—that by which a merchant, when he goes home, can put away from his thoughts the notes which come due to-morrow: or, in its higher form, —that by which one can "deny himself," refusing, for instance, to prefer the interests of his children to the claims of larger humanity.

When hate is put away from us, it may be either by mental or by spiritual control, according to the motive. If the man does it, because he knows it is for his own happiness, as mental science shows him how to do, that is mental self-control. If it is put away because the heart fills with love, that is spiritual control. That is the larger life, the perfect love, in which the man as an individual, a part, is absorbed and ceases to be able any longer to act selfishly; but is forced to act for all

humanity, regardless of how the action may appear to others. A fully developed spiritual man ceases to act for his own ends as an individual: he is acted upon, divine action is through him.

There is nothing incomprehensible or needing special intellectual perceptions in all this. Any one who can put what is said here into his own words will say at once, "There is nothing strange about that: it is just what every one knows of himself."* This is one of the tests of truth.

* The mental, or reflective, part of the man has its special function in guiding the intuitional part, which seems to be a phase of the "occult," or sub-conscious, mind. When the reasoning faculty is in sole control, we have a materialist, a man devoid of perceptions other than those of the senses and of reason. When the intuitional, or sub-conscious, mind is in sole control, unrestrained by reason, we have a lunatic or else a "medium," ill adapted to anything except that special function.

Is it not because lunacy is produced by the breaking away of the rest of the nature from that which operates through the senses, that manual, and especially agricultural, occupations are found so efficacious in the treatment of lunatics? (See an interesting discussion of this relation in Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena.*)

IV. THE LAW IN OURSELVES.

The search for happiness from circumstances, "the mania for owning things," from intellect. — Love alone satisfactory, meaning universal love.— The growth of altruism ; altruism and self-seeking the same thing.— The recognition of brotherhood : drives out hate.— "Tout comprendre est tout pardonner."— Love, not duty, the guide.— No moral character in actions.— Following convictions leads to light.— Shows suffering as consequences of error.— Artificial morality, the sin of the church.— True morality.

IV.

The Law in Ourselves.

HAPPINESS is not to be had by gratification of the animal nature, nor by material things, however pleasant these may seem to be. Indeed, any one who intelligently considers the accompaniments of a rich life will question whether they bring, on the average, more pleasure than annoyance. Horses, for instance, are very desirable; but to keep one horse is as much trouble as to keep a boarder, and no one is ever satisfied with it, while to run a stable takes as much time as to run a hotel. If you have so much money that you can carelessly turn affairs over to servants, then you feel that you are robbed at every turn, and that you are surrounded by a set of mercenaries whom you support; so that, as a wealthy woman said, "I am the keeper of an Irish boarding-house."

The more possessions one has, the more care one has. The more one has, the greater are the efforts of others to get part

of it away for themselves. So that very wealthy persons live in open or secret fear of their very lives, and feel that they have hardly any friends on whom they can count; that their children covet their wealth, and are waiting for their deaths; and that even their lovers come wooing the money. A man gets money: then in order to "enjoy it," he must spend it. He buys lots of things for which he has no real need. Next he must have a big house to put them in, and must entertain, to show the house. Troops of servants must be had to take care of the things and of the guests. The servants themselves must be looked after; and affairs multiply till the man's, and especially the woman's, life is entirely taken up with looking after the complicated requirements of an unnecessary way of living. This we call "maintaining our position in society." Truly, it reminds one of Alice's position in *Through the Looking-glass*, where every one had to run as hard as he could in order to stay where he was.

Even intellectual pursuits, unless they be intended for the good of others, come to be recognised as objectless; and, however we increase pleasures or amusements, there comes a time when they end in emptiness and satiety. In the mean time all of these things exclude the opportunity and often the possibility of understanding the best of any one, and therefore of loving any one.

Yet there is nothing worth having but love; not alone giving the "love" of which we are accustomed to think, which is usually little more than a preference for things or persons which minister to our comfort or happiness more than others do; but also the love that is an all-embracing sense of unity with every one and every thing, which comes to the poet and to the saint; that is, to really conscious persons.

Love is that sympathy which makes us feel that the universe is a part of ourselves. We can neither be afraid nor jealous of those whose interests and being are the same as our own. Therefore, "perfect love casteth out fear."

From the selfish love springs "duty,"—the obligation that we feel to further the well-being of ourselves or of others. This becomes an infectious race-feeling, though it is often so perverted that we see in it nothing but a fear of the natural penalties for the violation of law, which are consequences, or of artificial penalties, which are punishments. So derived, it is evident why the sense of "duty" is a moral and a virile trait, but not a spiritual one. When unselfish love is born, the sense of duty dies. It is no longer needed.*

The savage, a mere brute, cares for no one but himself: he will destroy the life of any one, in order to enlarge his own. In a higher order, man begins to have some care for his offspring and afterward for

*Duty rises, at first, a gloomy tyranny, out of man's helplessness, his self-mistrust, in a word, his abstract fear. He personifies all that he abstractly fears as God, and straightway becomes the slave of his duty to God. He imposes that slavery fiercely on his children, threatening them with hell, and punishing them for their attempts to be happy. When, becoming bolder, he ceases to fear everything and dares to love something, this duty of his to what he fears evolves into a sense of duty to what he loves. Sometimes he again personifies what he loves as God, and the God of Wrath becomes the God of Love; sometimes he

his wife. With the advance of moral education, he comes to care for his whole family; and, as growth goes on, his care includes the tribe. Still later his affections go out to his State, as was common in America before the Civil War. Now the wider-minded, larger-hearted men begin to care for the nation; and indications are not lacking that this extended family feeling, which we call "patriotism," will embrace all English-speaking peoples, and, perhaps, eventually, all humanity, and even the whole creation. Then we shall see, and later we shall feel, that all war is civil war.

Now why does the savage begin to care for the members of his immediate family, as well as for himself, and sometimes even in

at once becomes a humanitarian, an altruist, acknowledging only his duty to his neighbor. This stage is correlative to the rationalistic stage in the evolution of philosophy and the capitalist phase in the evolution of industry. But in it the emancipated slave of God falls under the dominion of society, which, having just reached a phase in which all love is ground out of it by the competitive struggle for money, remorselessly crushes him, until, in due course of the further growth of his spirit or will, a sense at last arises in him of his duty to himself. And when this sense is fully grown, which it hardly is yet, the tyranny of duty is broken, for now the man's God is himself; and he, self-satisfied at last, ceases to be selfish." — *Bernard Shaw.*

preference to himself? Why do we feel a sympathy with the Armenian Christians? Is it not fellow-feeling in both cases? Is it not because we recognise that the Armenians are part of ourselves, that they and we have a common origin and similar feelings, that they are our kind, that they are, in short, our "brothers?" That is "kind" love: it is simply extended and enlightened selfishness. The better we know these people or know any persons, and understand their desires and thoughts and griefs, the more and better we love them.

Surely, it is but a lack of mutual understanding among races which have different languages, manners, and desires, that makes the Englishman think of "the fickle and unreliable Frenchman;" while the Frenchman, with equal sincerity, speaks of "*perfide Albion.*" We distrust the Oriental, thinking that truth is not in him; and he retorts in his various tongues by calling us "foreign devils."

When we know and understand all man-

kind, feeling that they also are, not only of one flesh, but of one spirit with ourselves, shall we not regard them also as of our own family, and bestow upon them our enlarged and enlightened family affection? The fact is that "patriotism," "family affection," and "maternal love," good as they are, so far as they go, are nothing but more or less extended selfishness.

The federation of the world, like the federation of the family, must be based on understanding and on sympathy. The necessary principle of love is in every one, for the most depraved criminal has some one, even if it be but his mother, who does care for him; and we can no more love that which is not lovable than we can see that which is not visible.

On the lower plane, an understanding of our community of interest soon develops this sympathy. On the higher, the sympathy is developed by working out our nature in our acts.

The early Quakers, who secured for Eng-

lish-speaking people such liberty of speech on religious matters as we have, maintained that in every individual there is a spark of infinite love, which, if attended to, will not only show the right course to be pursued; but will also lead the animal man in the right course as soon as he becomes sure that he cannot walk in it by mere will. They had no creed or set of principles to be adhered to, as such, by any exercise of will. To illustrate; some busybody told George Fox that William Penn was wearing a sword, expecting that Fox would immediately accuse Penn of inconsistency, as it was generally held to be a tenet of the Quakers that they should not fight. But Fox said, "Let him wear it, as long as he can," knowing that, if Penn was conscious of the infinite love within him, there would come a time when the sword would be laid aside naturally, not torn from his side by law or by his disbelief in fighting, but because he had no use for it, the spirit of anger having vanished. For, if any one, being full of anger, refrained

from fighting, he was from the Quaker standpoint, acting the hypocrite, and was a mere professor. But, if he let out his anger, being at the time desirous of love, he would be so humiliated that his whole being would yearn to be again in accord with the law of love, and his anger would cause a revulsion; would be changed into love, so that it would be impossible for him again to fall away. It is only on plucking the apples of Sodom, that men who desir them can learn that they are filled with ashes. These Quakers held that, if they desired to do an evil thing, it was as bad as if they did it: the anger had to be transmuted into affection by the alchemy of the spirit. In other words, they thought that one must be loving, as well as speak and act lovingly.

If I so much as curse in my heart the fly that bothers me, or the man who may have ruined my life, the kingdom is not in me. I am as one who has said to his brother, "Thou fool!" and

"He that shuts love out, in turn shall be
By love shut out, and at her threshold lie
Howling in utter darkness."

The greatest evil that the churches have done, far outweighing the persecutions that the Church, like every other party in power, has committed, is the teaching that acts can be divided into "wicked" * and "meritorious"; that the "wicked" arts can be expiated by penance, and that the "merit" will be rewarded in a world to come. Actions have what we regard as moral character, but only as they are the expression of feelings of love or of hate.

It is only by working out our nature according to the circumstances to which, with our knowledge, we are subject, that we ever learn any better way, or even that there is a better way. Therefore, when we refrain from doing something which we wish to do,

* Professor Albert R. Parsons says that "wicked" in King James's version is generally a mistranslation for violent, proud, or such words. It was just at the time that candles were introduced in England, and the translators made an adjective from the word "wick," the thing sure to be burnt.

let us not on that account credit ourselves with virtue. It is merely a piece of expediency on our part, which may or may not be wise. If I tear up an ugly letter which I have written, that is a "moral" act; but I tear it up because, weighing all considerations, I do not really wish to send it. The evil is in us so long as we desire evil, and, notwithstanding our resistance, will, in some form, work itself out in us. The most we can get from our refusal to put it in practice is a strengthening of our will. Until we see that evil-doing is not a good to us, and until we have such a dislike to it as we would have to drinking a glass of stagnant water, however nicely sweetened and spiced it might be, we might as well do the evil, and be done with it. We will be the sooner done with it, because of the sense of degradation and disgust which it will produce.

We can grow only by actually doing what seems to us at any stage to be right, however mistaken we may be. By carrying out the relative right, that which is right for us,

we come to understand what is absolutely right.

"The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him;
The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him;
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him;
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him — it cannot fail.

. . . . . .

And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indication of his own."

Walt Whitman.

So Americans are learning, slowly, but learning by hard times, that efforts to make "foreigners" pay our taxes are as disastrous as they are unjust; while many Englishmen of this generation, who have not tried it, are selfishly hankering after "protection." In the same way, a hundred years ago, every one believed that war meant "high prices and good times." After the war of the secession, we found that war meant high

taxes and suffering, as well as oppression. Yet the most of our generation have to learn it once more, though many now know its evils without having to try it again. Had the nation been forcibly restrained from fighting, or found no one to fight, it would still think that all that was needed for felicity on earth was to get a chance to kill weaker strangers. Some time mankind will find out that all war is war upon itself.

If, therefore, the nation is persuaded by its sympathies and by those who have an interest in war that it ought to fight, its best course is to fight, and thereby to learn the folly of fighting.

Our growth is like coming out of a cave. We have a certain amount of light. If we refuse to follow it, we shall wander farther into the depths. If we follow it, we shall get more light, until we reach the perfect day.

To follow a code of morals, and therefore do something which is repugnant to us, is just as likely to result in further demorali-

sation, as in moral advance. When the Indian tortures himself, or the hangman executes the sentence upon his prisoner, each because he "ought to," each is brutalised, and, just to the extent of his act, loses kindliness for others. And, if we give charity because "we ought to," we simply harden our own hearts and darken our own eyes.

Help your friends, those whom you love or that you feel, have claims upon you. Your happiness is in that, if you did but know it. If you, in truth, help yourself at every step of your development, you cannot fail thereby most effectually to help the universe. Soon you will grow till you will feel that all men whom you can help are friends. Then you will desire to help all men, and will have answered for yourself the puzzling question, "Who is my neighbour?"

V. THE WORLD'S PAIN.

"Religion" implies right practice and the throes of rebirth.— Education painful.— Growth of religion.— At war with evil.— The new creation evolves happiness, notwithstanding struggle.—Participants in evil, protest alone available.—Unavoidable share in social oppression. —We must admit guilt.— Herron on our share.— Necessary in nature of things.— Individual goodness impossible.— Effect on health.— Not a question of will.

V.

The World's Pain.

THE realisation of man's spiritual nature is what we call *religion*, always perfect in its essence, always, as yet, imperfect in its degree. Religion is the "binding together" of our nature with the nature of the universe. It consists in conformity to wise law; that is, to Justice. This religion is practical: it means righteousness in ourselves. But, as soon as we have the righteousness, we are forced to begin to create for others, in a half-baked world, that kingdom of heaven which brings to ourselves a calm which outward things can neither make nor break. In so trying to externalise the kingdom, we further exemplify the law under which we learned. Creation, the new birth, which we call development, is going on in ourselves; and we begin to join in like creation of others, by aiding their development; for "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." As

soon as we are freed from agony by recognising the lack of harmony that causes agony, we strive to show the cause to others; for we cannot take the promised land alone.

In such striving to remove this source of pain, for the good of others, and not in thinking of ourselves, true happiness is found. It is spiritual peace and joy and love, such as a mere animal cannot desire or even understand.*

When, then, however slightly, justice, the perfect law, has been realised in our hearts, we can try to practise it in the world.

To do this involves us at once in further and fiercer war, for we cannot do justice individually or alone. Though individuals, we are a part of a social whole, a community; and what, as a community, we sow, that, as a community, we must also reap.

As members of one body, we are forced to take our part in the sowing as well as in the reaping; but not to take part in it silently.

*This is the message of Tolstoy in his difficult book on *Life*, done into intelligible speech in *Even as You and I*, by the author of these letters.

In our words and in our lives we must protest, showing clearly that we are not willing parties to the evil which we share. But, unlike the Pharisee, we must always openly acknowledge that, so long as we live upon the labor of others, in action we are wrong-doers. We cannot live in a community without conforming in action to its ways.

As the children's song says, "You're a rogue, and I'm another." We do not desire to be so, probably nobody does; but we are. And, when we realise that we are sinners ourselves, it is easy to be a friend of sinners.

Suppose we serve ourselves, or an employer, or our country so well that we do the work of three men. Then we are most dangerous competitors. We take the places of three men, increase the standard of the amount of labour required of each worker, and make the struggle for a living harder for some. This is the result of our superior skill or strength. We may mean well, but, under

present conditions, we plunder some one of part of his livelihood.

The extortioner and the oppressor are responsible for only part of the injustice they commit, for they could do nothing without persons who submit to them. You and I submit, even if unwillingly. If the army retreats, you and I, as private soldiers, must retreat with it. Yet it is you and I who retreat; and we shall be reproached for it, and shall feel that we are justly disgraced. As Professor George D. Herron says: —

"However hard or devoutly our wills be set against it, so long as the system exists, we are all competitors in some degree. All of us who live in any measure of comfort live more or less by economic stealing, no matter what our occupations or intentions. Our comforts are bought with the poverty, and even the lives, of beaten men and women.

"It is practically true, and ought to be true, that none of us can extricate ourselves from the social disgrace and pain until the whole social life is extricated. We cannot

sleep, eat, wear clothes, travel, educate ourselves, read books, attend public worship, without participating in the social wrong and bearing the social guilt. But, withal, we need not continue in the sin of the system under the delusion that grace may thereby abound. There is a divine, as well as a devilish, complicity in evil. We may be in, though we are not of, organised wrong. We may war and sacrifice against the competition that besets us, participating in it only for its overthrow and the social rescue. We may confess our part in the social stealing, and partake of it, only to expose it for the social deliverance. We may help the prosperous to understand how the system makes them social thieves, in spite of themselves; pious, maybe, and honourable, but none the less thieves, to be brought to judgment with the system."

Reverend Charles E. Garst said, "Individual purity in the midst of social impurity is much like household purity in a great city without a sewer system."

We can no more keep what we have than we can "make a living" without taking advantage of the system of society, founded, as it is, on injustice. Every one knows that, if he is in business, he prospers only by taking trade from some one else; and that, if he is not in business, he lives as directly upon others as if he ate their flesh. It will not suffice to "try to be just." Who of us can be just?

But, could we refrain from every deceit, still we would not be just. Under our system, even a day labourer who does two dollars' worth of useful work for one dollar, gets the job and the dollar at the expense of leaving some one else "out of work." To be just is to deprive no one of his earnings, not to live at the expense of others, not to have share or benefit of interest, rent, or taxes, all of which are the product of the labour of others. Justice, like purity in politics, or anywhere else is, indeed, under present conditions "an iridescent dream."

To be "sincerely but imperfectly" just!

Why, sincere but imperfect truth is untruth. Sincere but imperfect justice is injustice. Even by our own standards "there is none righteous, — no, not one." You say, "May I not go my way, harming no one?" You might if you could; but, only when equal freedom is attained, will this be possible. Monopoly has closed the doors, and made you as one in a crowded hall when there is an alarm of fire. You cannot "go your way" except over the bodies of your fellows, children and women and men.

In writing this, I am using an oil lamp, and thereby adding to the power of the Standard Oil monopoly. The unbearable iniquity in which that power is used will be understood by any one who will read Henry D. Lloyd's *Wealth against Commonwealth*.

The paper on which I write paid a profit to the paper trust, and the book reached you loaded with inflated charges of transportation companies. Each of these corporations, to which you and I have contributed,

has the power, and uses it, to deprive men of liberty and of freedom to do right; forces them into various deceptions, oppressions, and frauds, in order to advance its interests and to retain their situations.

So we are compelled, and assist in compelling each other, to live in a state of war.

This condition of things affects physical health. And depression and disease are infectious, like good spirits and health. As says Dr. E. H. Pratt:—

"There is no condition of health or disease in which the element of fear does not do serious mischief. Let suggestion be aimed at it until every vestige of it is destroyed. There is no condition of health or disease in which jealousy is not harmful. Let it be suggested out of existence by all means as speedily as possible. There is no condition of health or disease to which greed is not so extremely detrimental that it deserves the earnest consideration of all healers. It is a common as well as grievous fault. There is no condition of health

or disease in which sensuality in all its types is not only disgraceful, but also disastrous. Suggestive therapeutics is especially fitted to cope with it, and a warfare of extermination should be at once inaugurated. There is no condition of health or disease in which hatred is not a dangerous attribute. Let it be marked by psychic specialists for complete extinction. There is no condition of health or disease that worry does not disturb and damage. Let wholesome thought currents be directed against it until it is annihilated. Let mental healers attack insincerity, distrust, infidelity, scepticism, and ignorance, and all errors of the heart and mistakes of the head, until every thrill of selfishness is extracted from the hearts, and every false thought or suggestion is swept from the brains of men."

But love is a better disinfectant than suggestion. So that often, when one says of a child that it is cross because it is not very well, it would be more correct to say that it is not very well because it is cross. In fact,

we do sometimes say this in concrete form, when we attribute a fit of indigestion or headache to passion or to worry. Is it reasonable to confine these conclusions to our children or to our neighbours? Are not you and I also of the same nature? May not, then, habitual nervous depression or chronic debility be due, at least in part, to habitual harshness or to chronic self-seeking?

That we do not desire to be or to do evil does not release us from taking part in it, nor from the effects of it. It is doubtful if any one desires to be bad, but circumstances compel or induce many to do wrong. The results to those who suffer from the wrong are the same whether it is done willingly or not. When the shipwrecked sailor eats his comrade, or when you take trade from your competitor, the fact that you did not wish to injure him, but merely to save yourself, does not help the victim in the least. As to yourself, it makes the greatest difference.

If you are a humane man, this method of

living will be so distasteful to you that you will not and cannot be silent. You must express your disgust, even if only by doing the wrong in such a way as to explain and emphasise its true character and results. The better nature in you will protest; and, to the extent that the protest is heard by others, that higher nature will be crucified. This is "to be done day by day, with evil, and to live to righteousness." It is possible in its perfection only when we live among the righteous.

So long as the evil conditions remain about us, to do as little of the conventional evil as possible, or to do the evil tenderly, will not tend to help moral progress. The real sustainers of American chattel slavery, those who kept it so long in being, were not the brutal Legrees, but the kind St. Claires and the testamentary emancipators, like Jefferson, whose use of the "peculiar institution" made slavery defensible. Just so it is the "charitable" and the "philanthropic" that palliate the horrors of our industrial war,

and the "red cross" and the "civilizers" that palliate the horrors of our national war. All of these cover brutality from our sight, and so prevent its abolition.

VI. THE DELIVERANCE FROM BONDAGE.

Suffering a part of our school course.— Not to be relieved by force.—The divine end and means and method.— Development hindered by outside interference.— Compelling children to be "good."— Experience of ill teaches self-restraint.—The charity palliative of suffering, ineffectual and injurious.— Leave charity to the uninitiated.— Its selfishness and stupidity. — The temperance palliative.— The advance in humanity.— Abandonment of restrictions. — The process.— The growing desire for justice; that is, for love.— Trust to the natural growth.

VI.

The Deliverance from Bondage.

"No man is wise enough or good enough to govern another;" yet, the wronger and more narrow-minded men are, the more determined they are to force others to walk in their ways.

As we become more enlightened, we cease to despise or hate those who do not like, nor even see, what we admire. "A liberal education" is one which makes us liberal; that is, free as to our minds.

Perhaps, when we become as wise as gods, we shall cease to make laws at all, and leave, as God does, every one to the natural and inevitable consequences of his own deeds.

Suffering teaches the sufferer the effects of actions: our efforts to relieve it teach us the causes of the suffering.

To one who understands that suffering is not an accident, but a consequence, the Call

is to show the sufferers its origin and to teach them to avoid that, whether caused by themselves or by others. They must suffer and suffer, in spite of, and even because of, all we can do, until they and we learn the causes of suffering. When they and we learn its causes, and set ourselves to removing them, the suffering becomes tolerable to them and to us.

We may think, perhaps, that persons have no right to bring into the world children for whom they cannot provide. To refrain from so doing, may cause greater evils; but, if we think that is a cause of misery, let us tell the people so. We shall get good thereby. If that really be a cause, and you and I merely relieve the unfortunate children, unless we make the people understand, there will be still more destitute children in the next generation. But, having shown the cause of pain, the proper method is, not to alleviate the pain, but to let the wrongdoers feel it, till they are desirous of removing its cause. Then help them. If, after

they have recognised the cause, they still wish to retain it, let them retain it. By no means try to alleviate the pain by making laws restraining them by force from the full gratification of their desires.

It has not been found by experience that force has prevented wrong. In England, when they hung for sheep-stealing, sheep-stealing kept increasing. The reverse was the case when they ceased. In many cases force increases the evil.

Says Mr. William Alexander Smith: "The 'evil' I see in prize fighting is that prize fighters, like prostitutes and saloon keepers, are the perpetual victims of uniformed black-mailers. As in trade and commerce, there should be absolutely free competition in prize fighting, and that class of sport would become a 'drug on the market.' We would have Corbett and Fitzsimmons contesting for the championship for the pennies we would toss to them, as we do to the hurdy-gurdy artists."

Comstock, Gerry & Company should be

urged to carry out what they believe in every detail. They will soon find that they cannot correct things by force. Indirectly, undoubtedly, they do great good by showing their inability to do the good they had in mind, which is a false good, a sham, or to do any good directly. If they succeeded, it would only be in making hypocrites and weaklings. They say, in effect, "Poor God, with no one to help him rule the world." They have not yet learned, with Æschylus, that "the gods, for what they care for, care enough."

If it is true that men learn by suffering for errors, as much as by rejoicing in success, then laws intended to discourage improvident or illegitimate births, or otherwise to compel goodness, are little better than devices to prevent experience,— plans to keep a certain number of spirits from getting the education which they need. Were we to let people alone, whether drunk or sober, until they interfere with the liberty of another, and to leave drunkenness and the sale of liquor entirely unrestricted, the in-

temperate would soon drink themselves to death, and thereby cease to propagate their like. This seems harsh. But would it involve more misery than is implied in endless generations of the weak and imbecile half-restrained victims of excess that are kept by force from learning that error is destruction? "But, if we removed the restrictions which make liquor so dear, your poor boy would kill himself with drink"? Why should he not kill himself? My sorrowful sister, is it not better so than that, perhaps, crowds of your descendants through him, should fill the brothels and the jails?

When we see a person spending his money foolishly, getting drunk, or conducting himself in other ways that we think wrong, we are inclined to stop him. We say, "If I were you, or if I were in your place, I would not do so." But, if we had the same knowledge and desires as he, we would do the same. He is spending his money in the way which pleases him. If

he were not allowed to do so, he would feel unsatisfied, and would think that satisfaction would come only when he would be allowed to gratify his appetites. If he so believes, he can never find out that it is not true, until he tries it.

In the same way we ourselves have done something which has resulted badly. We did what we at that time thought would be for our welfare. We did what we wished to do. If we regret it, we are wasting our sentiment; for we knew no better then. Now we know better, and would not repeat that course.

"Why did I do that? I ought to have done otherwise." You are simply putting yourself, with your present experience, in the place of the person who has not yet gotten it. You are like a child who should blame himself because he could not recite his lesson before he had read it in the school-book. Although you made your free choice, as your mind inclined, you did not then know enough to refrain: you know now.

If you call yourself a fool, it shows only that you are still much of a fool. We should not, then, subject others to restraint from without, for their own benefit or for the benefit of others whom we think we shall thereby relieve; for that is simply to interrupt the lesson.

It is equally injurious to relieve a man of the consequences of his folly, unless they have already made him wise. Ross Winans said, "I have picked up a great many lame ducks in the course of my life, but all of them were lamer when I put them down, than when I took them up." If a man came to me with the gout, do you think I would heal him? Not at all. I would show him that he ate too much and worked too little, and that, as long as he lives that way, he "has a right" to have the gout. This is not a recipe, but a principle, and applies to all the relations of men and women and children, though, because children are helpless, we hardly yet admit that they have any rights. But they have.

When you see a furious man beating his horse, you do not inquire whether the horse was naughty or not. You say, "That is brutal," and threaten to report him for cruelty to animals. Your children, however, are beaten at home by angry parents; and it is not reported. Nobody calls it "assault and battery." No. You and I tell the children, "whose angels do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven," that they are wicked, and that God will punish them. Then, lest God should make some mistake, we punish them ourselves.

Consider what an arrogation of divine wisdom and denial of divine justice it is to punish any one. Not even nature attempts to graduate the suffering to fit the crime. All that she decrees is that the appropriate consequence shall follow every violation of law. And this penalty, and the violation, too, is part of the necessary education of the sufferer and of others. Besides, it is a part of law, and happens in accordance with law,

— law of which we see or understand little or nothing, but which exists nevertheless.

This is as one should expect. If there is an order in nature, then we may be sure that whatever we do contrary to that order will work wrong and cause suffering, both for ourselves and others. To deny this, to say that the evil tree will bring forth good fruit, is an infidelity no less in the eyes of the scientist than in those of the devout. "I knew," says Ruskin, "that the fool had said in his heart, 'there is no God;' but to hear him declare openly with his lips, 'There is a foolish god,' was something for which my art studies had not prepared me."

The "divine right" of parents to rule is as ridiculous as the "divine right" of kings, and much more injurious. The Declaration of our Independence says that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Have your children consented that you should be their policeman, judge, and jailer every time you get into a bad temper? Truly, "ignorance,

neglect, and contempt of human rights" are responsible for as much of the miseries of childhood as of society.

"But it is necessary to punish children," you say. Necessary, but not right. That is equivalent to saying either that there is no God or that his law will not work. You are not God yourself, and to punish is to assume more than divine wisdom; for there are no punishments in the divine order of nature, only inevitable consequences. Remember that scarcely omniscience could measure out punishment suited exactly to the offence. Harmony, consequence, law, — that is the message of the Infinite; and when you secrete the candy-box, lest the child should over-indulge, you deprive him of his birthright of opportunity for self-restraint. I daily see a child who will play with candy all day long and never touch a bit, except under her mother's advice. She says, "It would not be good for me." She has learned that faith that is justified by its works.

The nature of things is a school in which one learns to rule his own spirit, to control himself. Then are we to counteract the discipline of the school?

Of course, it takes more time and trouble to teach children than it does to whack them; but have you anything better worth the time and trouble — except to go to afternoon teas? If you must beat your little ones, beat them with a club. That will not destroy their self-respect.

Love, patience, experience, — these, and not slippers, are the divine means of teaching; for bruising can teach a child nothing but that you are a bruiser, which he would learn soon enough without your pains. But your bruising does lead a child to think that, if you are not there to punish wrong-doing, it will go unpunished, and that whatsoever the child soweth, that shall he not also reap, but something else, — the only real infidelity.

But, my lazy, dear friend, the world is so made that it really pays to work towards

righteousness. "Godliness is profitable for all things," such is the goodness and the severity of eternal law; and you will be surprised to find how even the young barbarian, whom you have brought forth and developed, will respond to kindness. He is not really worse than the boys at the Elmira Reformatory or than Dr. Arnold's Rugby boys. If the appeal to reason and righteousness succeeds with them, it might with your little child; and, if you must treat him as a mere animal, it is because you have brought him up as a mere brute, and not as a reasonable soul. Experience is a severe teacher, but there is no other for him or for us. The most we can do is to repeat, explain, and illustrate her lessons. To constantly stand in her way is the only "sparing of the rod" that can really spoil the child.

A baby sat next its father at breakfast as soon as it was able to sit up, and was consumed with a desire to reach the silver kettle of hot water. The father carefully explained by signs that it would burn.

Nevertheless, baby sensibly concluded to try for itself. All right. — It did burn. Papa was wiser than baby thought, and could safely be trusted again. Also baby could be trusted near the kettle. If the child had trusted without trying, it would have been a little fool; and, if the father had forced it to, he would have been a big one.

If the child has eaten enough, make him understand that; and, if he will then eat more, let him have indigestion, and let him understand the cause and the consequent discomfort. "But most of the discomfort and care will fall upon me," you say. True; thank goodness for that. We can somewhat bear one another's burdens. Besides, thereby you may get some of the education yourself.

Your little boy sees you take out a knife, curious, shining, and cut a stick in two. He feels the faculty in himself also to work such miracles as that, if he only had the knife. But you tell him not to touch it.

Being wiser than you, he does touch it. If no evil happens, you are convicted of error. If he cuts his fingers, does not that hurt? Then why do you box his ears? It only makes him think you are stupid or revengeful (he is only a child). Better far to let him try, explain to him its dangers, protect him in the trial, and, as soon as he has learned them, let him have a knife.

Thereby you have fulfilled the highest mission of man. What is the good of you and of me except to show the right and warn against the wrong? To the extent that we do those things, we are the prophets of the Lord. "There is one God, and every man is his prophet," joyously, if willingly: otherwise, with pain.

A girl whose education has been by experience will not, like nearly all young girls, run out in the wet with thin shoes, merely because mamma is not there to say no; nor will she clandestinely marry a good-looking "count."

Let your children and your fellows know

the truth, and they will trust to it and you. Appeal always to the divinity in men, and not to the beast. If something necessarily disagreeable must be done (there are few such things), explain the reasons, if you see any. Let the pupil know just how much pain it may have to undergo, and accustom it to "do what is wise." If it sometimes refuses to do it, the mischief is less than to run the risk of "breaking its will." It were as well to break a child's back as break its will. Where deadly peril threatens, do for your child what you ought to do for your neighbour. You have no right to do more or less. If you see a man ignorantly run in front of the cars, you pull him back. If he but goes out in the rain, you only warn him. So you may do with your child.

You may advise with your superior intelligence: you must not substitute your mind for another's. You may guide by your greater knowledge, but you cannot improve nature with a club. Above all things, do

not condemn: "Judge not, that ye be not judged," for your judgment will probably be wrong.

So that force, even with children, does little good and much harm, as might be expected. "By no process can coercion be made equitable. The freest form of government is only the least objectionable form. The rule of the many by the few, we call tyranny. The rule of the few by the many is tyranny also, only of the less intense kind." (Herbert Spencer, in *Social Statics.*)

Still less can be hoped from the "power of money," even if wisely spent, — for instance, in charity.

Charity attracts to the cities a large number who, if left in the country, would support themselves somehow. They come to the city, assured that, if they find nothing to do, there are at least plenty of places where they can get shelter. After the panic of 1873 the citizens' relief committee appointed ex-Mayor Hewitt, Reverend Dr. John Hall,

and other gentlemen trusted by the public, to see what should be done to relieve the distress of the city. After a full investigation, they decided that the best thing to do was to leave the matter alone, because special efforts would create as much distress as they relieved by attracting into the city those who might make out a living in the country.

We have made no progress in the relief of poverty for eighteen hundred years: we have not fewer paupers, we have not less distress.

Robert Treat Paine says: —

"In spite of all we do, the great fact stares us in the face, that pauperism is steadily gaining ground. More paupers each year, more money wanted, larger almshouses building or to be built."

Nor do most of our efforts even tend to lessen distress or pauperism. Model tenement houses increase the crowding about them, because, holding fewer tenants than the buildings they supplant, they take up as much room; and, in addition, their superior

character increases the land value and raises rents, by attracting more inhabitants to the district. Free or subsidised cheap feeding interferes with small restaurants and caterers, and does not in the long run furnish as economical or as good a food supply. But, worse than all this, where there are two men competing for one job, the man who will work the cheapest will get the job, and the man who can live the cheapest will work the cheapest, so that the more you supply charitable "aid of wages," whether by housing, feeding, clothing, or even amusing the workman, the more you reduce his wages. That this factor is indirect makes it none the less powerful. We do the same thing directly and consciously in our charitable institutions by making garments at prices with which the independent worker cannot possibly compete and live in decency, the loss coming out of the pockets of "all such as are religiously and devoutly disposed." It is sad, but undeniable, that our charities are nearly all destroyers of unselfishness by

the paid or perfunctory performance of what ought to be done directly from love, and are besides actual factories of paupers.

"Whatever exception you may have encountered, you know that the rule is that those who receive relief are, or soon become, idle, intemperate, untruthful, vicious, or at least quite shiftless and improvident. You know that the more relief they have, as a rule, the more they need. You know that it is destructive to energy and industry, and that the taint passes from generation to generation, and that a pauper family is more hopeless to reform than a criminal family." (Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, in *Outdoor Relief.*)

We are told to help the poor to help themselves. The help they really need is help to get rid of us and of our charities, which are devices for keeping us astride of their necks.

Many will not assent to this. Many who do assent will not see clearly, nor act logically if they do see. They also are compassionate. Let them support the charities.

"Let the dead bury their dead." Let those who are dead to the real knowledge of social needs hack at the branches of evil, for they know no better. Nay, by stinted means, compel them to apply themselves to find the most efficacious methods of relief and to seek the roots of misery and destitution. If you yourself do not know what is the matter, or are too lazy to think, why, then, give to the charities. On a business basis, charity is an excellent investment for the rich. All charities are excellent investments; they are so recommended, even from the pulpit. They make taxes high, but we get it all back out of our pay-rolls. They are very cheap and, ethically, utterly worthless.

"System" takes all the good, moral and material, out of charity. Let us feel the evil, see the difficulties, know the poor, and try to raise them, because they are our friends and our brothers. So we shall give and get love, that which alone makes life endurable or heaven desirable.

Temperance appeals more to reason, and not less to sympathy; yet the efforts of temperance reformers are among the chief causes that the present condition of things is tolerated at all. They have impressed upon the public the evils of drink, so that the morally, mentally, or physically lazy soothe themselves with the idea that intemperance is the chief cause of pauperism. It is not the chief cause: it is the chief effect. (See fable, "Incorruptible Inheritance," p. .)

So much for those who think that the gift of God, which is moral elevation, can be bought with silver or gold.

It is hopeless to make men good by law. All that can be done is to give them freedom, and let them work out their own salvation. To this the world tends.

Notwithstanding the Armenian massacres, the persecution of the Doukhobòrtsis, the subjection of Finland, the Dreyfus case, the massacres in Italy, the Filipino freebooting expedition, and the Cœur d'Alène

"bull pen," we have no reason to think that there ever was in the world so much freedom as to-day.

We hear much about Greek liberty and intelligence lost to mankind; but this compares the most advanced aristocrat of one age, the Greek citizen, with the mass of men of our own age. It would have been more absurd to refer questions of art to "the people of Greece," including the vast majority who were "helots," upon whose labours the few lived, than it would be to refer them to our own ignorant helots, who have at least intelligence enough to make comparisons. Of course, the dominant class got whatever it wanted then, just as our dominant classes get what they want now, and will continue to get it until our helots learn to care for one another's interests.

In the times of Greek "liberty" only a few of the "people" of Greece got any of it; while, in most of the world, the idea of freedom had not yet dawned.

Deliverance from Bondage

We read of the independence of the Pilgrim Fathers, who owned slaves and denied even votes to women. It has only just dawned on the world that slavery, chattel, economic, or sexual, for any being, is wrong.

We hear a great deal about the increasing drift toward State regulation of industry. This supposed tendency is a trouble to Mr. Herbert Spencer. Investigation will show, however, that in reality no such drift exists: the current seems rather to be setting the other way. What looks like such a tendency in legislation is simply an attempt to meet new conditions by a partial application of old specifics. It is not necessary to examine our own legislation in detail, as a few words on Spencer's essays on *The New Toryism* and *The Coming Slavery* will illustrate the point. Spencer refers with grief to fifteeen English acts passed from 1860 to 1864, being two extensions of the Factories Act to include certain trades, acts regulating prices of gas, truancy, two for vaccination, hire of public conveyances,

drainage, employment of women in coal mines, authorised pharmacopœia, two for local improvement in bake-houses, and inspection of food. These are fair types of "socialistic" legislation everywhere.

All these, except those for the hire of conveyances, employment of women, for coal mines, bake-houses, and inspection of food, are applicable to conditions which were not dreamed of a hundred years ago; and even these five appear to have been intended to correct abuses which have become serious only on account of the nineteenth-century crowding of cities and growth of factory life.

From 1880 to 1883 Spencer finds eleven "socialist" acts of Parliament. They are for regulating advance notes on sailors' wages, for the safety of ships, compulsory education, excise, trade reports, electricity, public baths, lodgings, cheap trains, payment of wages, and further inspection of bake-houses.

Now compare these, one by one (to take

our samples mostly from incidental mention in the same essays), with the press gang law, which, up to the middle of this century, enslaved the sailor; with the fifteenth-century law which prohibited captains from setting out in the winter; with the law favouring education by "benefit of clergy"; laws fixing the price and quality of beer; prohibiting the export of gold; with the laws which, up to 1824, forbade the building of factories more than ten miles from the Royal Exchange; regulated the minimum time for which a journeyman might be retained and the number of sheep a tenant might keep; and, finally, those fixing the maximum wages of labourers and the size and price of the loaf. All these laws, of which the type is the fourteenth-century régime restricting diet as well as dress, aimed, like present laws, to correct what seemed to be abuses. They have all passed away, having failed to correct the "abuses."

How unreasonable, then, to pick out a few from over eighteen thousand laws to

which New York subjects its citizens, and because, under conditions a hundred times more complicated than those of our ancestors, they restrain personal liberty in various respects or provide for State management, to say that we are advancing in the path of restriction!

The fact is that the growing pressure of misery, the growing perception that monopolies are infringements of the rights of the people and that wealth is unnaturally distributed, lead those who see no better remedy hesitatingly to apply ancient expedients for the cure of evils either new in themselves or newly perceived. Let us look at the truth, although one can only regret if even such socialism is not growing; because, if it were, it would be the first sign of that Berserker rage which is sure to follow upon a universal appreciation of the deep evil of our present social conditions. The real social advance is on broader lines.

There are three stages of moral regeneration: first, to understand that the present

state of the world is hell, — that is, injustice; second, to realise that there is a kingdom of heaven, — that is, of justice; and, third, to believe that we can get there. After that comes the knowledge of the way. The desire to get the kingdom is of little value or effect unless it is based on something more than care for self, as distinguished from others.

The majority of men are at present satisfied with things as they are. If they were not, they would change them. But they do not in their hearts desire the coming of any other kingdom but their own, which would be no improvement on the "devil's." If they do not believe in a better state, they will not desire it; or, if they do not desire it, they will not believe in it.

It was not through accident nor through stupid materialism that we took one word "heaven" from the Anglo-Saxon "heafen" that which is lifted up. The higher place is ever the better, except for the lower man.

"A political Utopia would be a physical

heaven, concealing a spiritual hell, — a monstrosity. Society cannot be prevented from the externalisation of its interior character by artificial arrangements of its exterior politically, nor be made to present scenes of justice and happiness, when the principle is not in the people." — *Stephen and Mary Maybell.*

The rich think that they have about all the good there is, and, finding it a delusion, are discontent with God, and say that the universe is bad. The poor think that, gross as are the inequalities, they have a chance to get on top, and do not want a change until they despair of securing an advantageous place. All social reforms, except prohibition, unite in showing the evils of present economic conditions, in showing that there might be better and that we can get the better ones. So that all those reforms are, for the present, united in their real result.

Now, if, when the three stages are passed, we are to try socialism, we need not complain. It cannot be worse than our kako-

cracy. The great mass of people to-day have not, nor ever have had, the slightest confidence in freedom. Most persons know that our social system is robbery, but they think they share in the spoils. They think also that men must be restricted, prohibited, and circumscribed in some way, if they are to do right. To call anything "free" is to stamp it with opprobrium. "Free love," "free rum," "free trade," "free thought," even "free press" and "free speech" (though the counting-house and the police make these but names compared to what they ought to be) are regarded as paraphrases for "unbridled license and anarchy." Public schools are called "free schools" in England, and are in corresponding disrepute.

While all this is so, to impose upon the people any system which involves freedom would be only to insure its being discredited in repute and perverted in practice by men who care nothing for liberty and who would at once cast about for a means of taking advantage under it. All that improved

political conditions can do is to give men the opportunity of doing right, which they cannot have at present.

But the spirit of humanity, — man-liness, as we call it, — which is behind socialism, is increasing. It expresses itself, as it best can, according to its light; and, though we may think the method wrong, we can see that that is of little consequence. "In the warming heart of the world is the hope for social justice." All humane reforms aim at a voluntary co-operation; which is right-eousness.

VII. THE LAND QUESTION.

Ethical progress must be the progress of the race.— Opportunity necessary for this.— The animal nature the basis.— The first requirement is the use of the resources of nature.— Denial of this use perverts the social system. — All share in the perversion, which conditions all actions, and makes fellowship impossible.— Expedients to correct effects of this, or to evade them.— The divine provision, subverted, gives all to the few, and makes advances intensify evils.— We must begin at the bottom.

VII.

The Land Question.

We must devote ourselves to the preparation of the way to the externalisation of the kingdom, which must first be realised within ourselves, but which will not stay within su unless we strive to extend it For to try to keep it to ourselves would be selfishness; that is, would be a return to the bondage of small desires and narrow thoughts, and the kingdom of heaven is liberty. The animal side of our nature necessarily develops before the mental and the spiritual side. Therefore, with the great majority of our fellow-creatures, the release from the fierce struggle of the animal for a physical existence is requisite before they can find time or energy even to consider intellectual or spiritual things. It seems hopeless to talk or think of spiritual elevation for the benefit of a car-driver who must work thirteen hours a day to keep the bodies and souls of his wife and babies together.

He has not even the time to listen or to read, nor can we in any sense get at him. It is true that one who has reached a certain stage of interior cultivation can rise superior to conditions, even if he cannot rise out of them; but how is the average man in our present state of social and political confusion even so much as to learn that there is a Holy Ghost?

The recent experiments in the "cultivation of vacant lots by the unemployed" show that men and women without skill can, with slight instruction, make trades-union wages, if they have access to the valuable and accessible land lying unused about our cities.* Merely to relieve deep physical distress about us by a method so divinely simple, provides a means of instilling into the rich as well as into the poor the moral and spiritual truth of brotherhood.

*See A. I. C. P. Notes No. 1, published by the Association for Improving Condition of the Poor, New York, 1895, and Report of the Philadelphia (Pa.) Committee, 1898. Of course, the utilisation of vacant lots for the unemployed (the present system of land ownership still remaining) will ultimately make conditions worse by reducing wages and raising rents.

Man's body lives upon the land, and even the highest of men are in the chains of the flesh. When the material existence is made a slavery, because a few persons monopolise what nature's opportunities offer to all, how shall the masses learn to throw off those physical chains?

While we live upon the labour of our brother, we shall find it hard to convince him that we are his loving brethren, even though we may call what we wring from him "rent of land" or "profits" of "real estate speculation." Suppose you determine to absolve yourself, as far as possible, from participation in the social evil by refraining from sharing in rent, interest, or "profits," and to dig potatoes and live upon what you raise, as Tolstoy does. Then, besides spending time on raising potatoes which should be spent on raising mankind, as W. L. Sinton puts it, "To dig potatoes, you must either yourself own the land and become a land lord (and there is an end of equality and of fellow-feeling with the mass

of your fellow-men, who are not lords), rent land from some one else, or hire yourself to an employer. As an owner of land, you are profited to the value of any rent of it without corresponding labour; and, if you raise potatoes, you enter into competition with other producers in a market already overstocked, and prices come down, and labourers are thereby thrown out of employment or their wages are reduced. If you hire land instead of owning it, you must pay some one a rent for it, either a private individual or the State. If you pay rent to a private individual, it is worse than if you had received it, as you would put it to a good use, while probably the receiver of it will do harm with it. If, under the present system, you pay to the State, it is still as bad as either of the former, as the amount would either be wasted, or other taxes reduced by the sum paid by you into the public treasury. If it is wasted, you are deprived of so much power. If taxes be reduced, the value of land will rise, because

it will be a better investment, and the difference be put into other land-owners' pockets, who would not spend it for the spreading of the truth, as you might have done. In either case, you have contributed to the evil system.

"Even Tolstoy has made a failure of the theory of practical religion by overlooking this point of all points, this keystone of the arch, — that action is always conditioned, and that whether it comes up to the ideal formed before the attempt, depends as much on circumstances as upon any will or effort of the actor. Did Tolstoy see this, he would see the futility of trying to practise, under existing systems, his ideal Christianity."

No one can have a little private heaven of his own, for we are of one flesh and members of one another. Therefore, you and I, who see the truth, must stir the people to take possession of their material inheritance before we can share with them spiritual gifts. We may try to monkishly withdraw or to run away from the surrounding injus-

tice, of which we, you and I, are a part; but evil is like the "black care, which sits behind the horseman:" or we may look, each of us for ourselves, from our heights, over into the promised land, but none of us, any more than Joshua, can go to dwell in it, except as a leader of the people, for "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

You may build a fine locomotive, but it is useless unless you have the rails. And it will be folly to put down a rail here and another there: they must all be laid exactly, in a road properly prepared. The land question is analogous to the rails. The private ownership of the land is the cause of all causes which makes it impossible to use the locomotive of Christianity, or, in other words, to carry out in every-day action the precepts, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" and "Do unto others as you would be done by." There is no use in trying to overlook our solidarity and interdependence. If one member of society suf-

fers, all suffer, — a most beneficent provision of nature. Would not my saying that I can fulfil the law alone, or do a little less wrong than others, be as though my hands should say to my feet, "I have no need of thee?" Which cent is responsible for making up a dollar?

In some such feeble way some persons attempt to straighten out the world tangle by paying the highest prices for everything, by refusing to deal with cheap stores, or by declining to buy sweat-shop goods.

So long as there remains a demand for cheap goods, to pay high prices is simply to make a present of the excess of price to some middleman. Even if we take pains to see that the excess reaches the original producer, it will only be a form of bonus to him. You could get other things as good for less, but you choose to give him more. That is considerate in you and pleasant for him, if you really do not know any better way of doing than to give money; but it does not tend to raise wages. Rather the

contrary, unless you can make it universal. And, as poverty forces most persons to buy as cheap as they can, it is impossible to make it even general. To refuse to buy the sweat-shop goods is to throw the sweat-shop laborers out of work entirely, so that they will starve; for the buyers can afford only a limited amount for such things, and, if they get less of them for that sum, they will have to go without part, and less will be made. You are not punishing the sweater, who can turn to something else. Even if you can punish him, he is doing only what the necessity of trade compels some one to do.

Our entire social organism is based upon private monopoly of land; based upon the inequity of allowing some to monopolise that upon which all must live. To work at improving the present conditions of the earth, therefore, is clearly to do little else than to improve the condition of the owners of the earth. Suppose there are two towns. In one of them the people are ignorant, ir-

religious, disorderly, and dishonest. There are no street lamps, pavements, sewers, water-works, fire department, or other public improvements. There are gin-mills, dance-houses, gambling hells, a poorhouse, and a jail; and they are always full.

In the other town the people have no use for such things; and these buildings are replaced by schools, churches, libraries, an engine-house, and a concert hall. There are electric lights, asphalt pavements, public drains and water supply; and the people are intelligent, religious, affectionate, and mindful of the rights of each other.

Which of these would be the more desirable to live in?

Why, of course, the better town would be far preferable.

And would more people wish to go there than to the other?

Naturally.

In which, then, would the rent and the price of land be the higher?

Necessarily, in the better town.

For whom, then, are the good government club, the pastor, the educator, and the public-spirited citizen of that town mainly working? Is it not for those who get the enhanced prices for the land and who collect the enhanced rents?

Ralph Waldo Emerson said about the early days of Boston, in a paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1892:—

"Moral values became also money values. When men saw that these people, besides their industry and thrift, had a heart and soul, and would stand by each other at all hazards, they desired to come and live here. A house* in Boston was worth as much again as a house just as good in a town of timorous people, because here the neighbours would defend each other against bad governours and against troops. Quite naturally, house rents rose in Boston."

While present economic conditions remain, any reform or improvement will in-

* Of course, Emerson meant the building site, not the building. The house could be built more cheaply as the community became more mutually helpful.

crease production or increase population, therefore increasing rent; that is, increasing injustice. The first necessity of man is the earth, which includes all the resources of nature; and from it, by his labour, comes all produce.

It is an infidelity to a loving Creator — it is to charge God with folly and to impute unto the Almighty lack of understanding — to say that man has been put upon an earth on which he cannot support himself except by living on his fellows. But he must be allowed to get at the earth.

If the earth is really our mother, or if we are the children of a common Father, then all have equal right to use the earth. There is a communal cause of land value which should make it a common inheritance. This must be taken for the use of the community. As the value increases, the increase also should go to the community, so that no one can confiscate part of the labour of his fellows by appropriating land value to himself. As soon as all the value

of land is taken by the public, speculation in land and the withholding of it from use will cease, because it will be unprofitable; and men will be free to use the earth, the source of all raw material, in order to produce wealth and capital for themselves.

The reform, then, of our present land "system," which is not any better than

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

is not the end of reforms nor the sum of reform. It is, as a great teacher has said, "the gateway of reforms." More than that, it is the one reform without which all others will be self-destructive, because they tend to increase either population or production, and thereby to increase rent and so to foster every form of monopoly.

VIII. MAKING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Men must work out their own nature, although blindly.— They can be guided, but not helped. —Trying to help with money ; practical effects. — The use of money.— Recognition of the harmony of the universe.— Stages in growth necessary to all.— The tuition of circumstances and the use of pain.— Unity of our interests taught by consequences of ill.— Rising above ain.

VIII.

Making for Righteousness.

REFORM must come by common desire; for action does not constitute right nor wrong. Wrong does not consist in doing things: wrong is being and desiring something not the best.

So long as men enjoy fighting, they will fight. If you stop them fighting with their fists or guns, they will fight with tongues or tariffs, producing infinitely more misery and infinitely slower instruction. We may defend ourselves from attack as long as we are so situated that we are subject to it, and as long as we desire to defend ourselves. That is the limit of our right to use force. And whatsoever is more than this cometh of stupidity; that is, of evil.

There are few who have learned the lesson that to succeed by wrong-doing is failure. The fact is that most persons are satisfied with the present reign of robbery, for they think that they have a chance in the game

themselves. Even when they perceive that they are victims of it, they do not see that they are the necessary sacrifices in the brutal sports: they think that greater efforts made by themselves would have prevented the suffering, instead of merely shifting it. They cannot be taught their error by external force. Nor can men be taught by mere mechanical instruction, however perfect the machine. Outside powers, like organisation or money, which we speak of as "means," will hinder about as much as they help. To attempt to raise mankind by gifts, even devoted to their education, is to set the devil's workmen to build the city of God, which is not made with hands, but with hearts. Says N. M. Jerauld: "I am tired of hearing about the 'uplifting of the masses.' If they are lifted they prove but a dead weight, for they have to be carried."

"If only some rich man would leave us ten millions in his will, we would get the social question settled at once," so said an ardent and capable reformer. That

would be the greatest misfortune that could happen to any real, moral reform.

To some of us who have not had the command of much money, and to those who, being at the head of affairs, feel the need of money and see where it might be used to advantage, it seems as though it were all in all; but, for me, the more I see of the effects of money, the more I am convinced that, although there is great need of it in reform work, great sums given impersonally and without sacrifice are a hindrance rather than a help.

To see how it would work, see how it often does work.

Here is a man or woman, poor, like the most of us, earnest, energetic, unpaid, giving his or her days and nights to propaganda or organization. At once the general committee becomes rich, hires, with such wisdom and disinterestedness as a committee can muster, those who are most available or who can get themselves hired. Even a rich committee cannot hire everybody, and our

friend is left out. He thinks: "The committee is paying these people, many of them not so good workers as I. Why should I do the same work for nothing? The labourer is worthy of his hire. Let them pay me, or find some one else to do my work."

Perhaps the committee does engage him. He becomes an agent. His words and his example have lost their weight. His very sincerity begins to be questionable. "It is all in his day's work." He must perforce teach, even if he does not think, according to the platform. Even platforms are not infallible. When he has done his day's work, his evenings belong to himself. Who will do the night work?

Or, here is a new field of work, not the best or most promising one perhaps, but one which you or I, with our capacities, could do, and do well. Oh, no. Suggest that to the committee. They can easily have it done for money. But the committee overlooks or cannot oversee that work, and it is not done at all. The work is neglected in spots.

Then a multitude begin to follow the teachers for the loaves and fishes, and scarcely will even divine wisdom pick out the true apostles. Why, the very leading body comes to love other objects than the success of the mere idea.

"But we could sow the nation knee-deep with literature." The British and Foreign Bible Society is nearly a hundred years old, and is publishing bibles at the rate of 13,000 a day, or about 4,000,000 a year. Between March, 1804, and March, 1893, this society alone distributed throughout the world nearly 137,000,000 copies of the bible. There must be bibles enough in the world to reach every one of its inhabitants who is able to read.

That is but one of hundreds of agencies distributing religious literature free, and, what is much better, paid for. The world is not evangelised even so.

"But if it were all put to the best use, if we could thoroughly advertise this theory, we could get it taught in the schools,—

force it on the attention of the people." Then we would gather a vast crop of the partially instructed, we would attract crowds who, through mere carelessness or incapacity, were with us only in desire and name. We would force an unnatural and unhealthy growth of sentiment for our reform, and we should get it enacted, probably in some bastard form,—at any rate, in advance of the real sentiment of the people. Like other reforms which have been forced upon communities from time to time, it would be enforced partially and unfairly, and would probably be repealed.

Real progress would be set back ten years. Far better our present condition, where those of us give who can, not as a charity or as a duty, but because we had rather spend our money that way; where there is nothing in the cause to attract to it the parasite or the mercenary. Where the carrion is, there will the vultures be gathered together. In the present condition of society, if we are to be pure, we must be

poor, and do good work with our own heads and hearts and hands, not with our check-book and the resolutions and appropriations of a committee.

It is true that money has a real function, and all owe "duty" as the expression of feeling. Where it is really a sacrifice, sometimes made holy, it is doubtless acceptable. It is even necessary that the priests may be fed. But where it is wheedled by "fairs," or extorted by begging, or "left" by those who regret only that they cannot take it with them, it does do, and can do nothing but harm. Figs do not grow on thistles, nor grapes upon thorns.*

Most persons, justly, have to spend their lives in doing things to which they have no natural inclination and in which they have almost no success, nor can have any. This is part of the school course, and must always be so, until we have learned all that this department can teach. Those who get enjoy-

* See also *Disease of Charity*, by the writer of this.

ment out of uncongenial tasks are those who most perfectly accept them as a matter of course,—as Tolstoy says, "as what must be." This state of mind is common to almost all uneducated persons, and in this respect they are infinitely superior to us.

The effect of education should be to teach us how to cure, not the hard consequences, but the causes of wrong, and to make us desire to cure these causes. We sometimes say that we live in an evil world, with an implication that we are not a part of it. We are a part of it.

We do not know why we willingly received the ideas that made us reformers or philanthropists or church workers or thinkers, nor why another's mind rejects some of these ideas. Was it not because we had reached a stage that they have not? Then how are they to blame for not accepting these ideas? and how does our acceptance of them separate us from such persons or make us less guilty than they, although they do evil?

It is to this very evil in the world that we owe the stage of development that we have reached. It is by our experience of it that we have acquired our consciences.

The misfortunes of generations are developing within us a consciousness or "conscience" by which we perceive, what we might have perceived by spiritual insight, that it is not for the happiness of a community, of which we are a part, to steal or to lie. How partial this education is, as yet, may be seen from the fact that most men, while admitting abstractly that lying is wrong, contend that under some circumstances it is not only not wrong, but actually praiseworthy. Had we been bred in an entirely different surrounding, for instance, as London thieves, our "conscience" would have pricked us every time we passed a watch and did not take it. We can understand this, when we hear a man who has sold some article for a fair price, but thinks that his customer would have paid higher, say, "I ought to have got more."

If we could remove ourselves from the opportunity of doing things which we think to be wrong, or cease to take part in the evil of the world we would lose our sympathy with others and arrest our own development, which would have come through the painful experience that we shirk. We suffer in the same ways when we subject ourselves to external restraint, even through the "influence" of a friend or of a church.

To those who understand the law of life, pain is no mystery. Physical suffering follows on every injury to the body, and follows whether we commit that injury ourselves, or suffer it from another, — follows however good or innocent our intent. If a fall or a bruise did not hurt, we would permit or perpetrate injuries on ourselves, until we learned by the severer penalty of disablement that we had erred. But, just as no one can create wealth, or do any other good thing without benefiting, in some respects, others as well as himself, so no one can do any evil without injuring others as well as

himself. Our sufferings may therefore be the results of our own errors, or of the offences of others of whom we have never even heard. This may seem unjust; but it is a part of the unity of the human race, which will eventually lift up all its members, instead of dividing them (as might happen, were suffering allayed) into three or more permanent classes, corresponding to the development of different individuals.

Suffering will continue until we have, not only learned, but taught to all mankind, all its errors. In the mean time the enlightened man can obtain such understanding and control of pain, whether physical, mental, or emotional, that it ceases to be an evil to him. Pain is not an evil in itself: it is the burglar alarm, which tells of an attack or of something which ought to be corrected. If we do not know how to shut off the burglar alarm when it has given its message, or if we fail to close the door, the alarm continues, and becomes a nuisance. When we understand the pain, and have

such control over ourselves that we can right the wrong, we can stop the pain. Any one can try this for himself, when something hurts him, by saying: "Yes, I understand what is needed. There is a trouble not with my real self, but in my foot. I have the message, and am attending to it." And he will find that the pain will be minimised, and will become more tolerable.

We know that minds unconsciously influence one another, often in ways that we cannot understand, producing, for instance, panics and unaccountable popular crazes or depression. This subtle sympathetic influence may be deliberately exerted for good: good spirits are as infectious as bad. By practice, we can learn to concentrate such powers, — to order our minds so that their entire influence will be exerted continuously in one direction and on one person. This is "mental treatment," and can be turned in upon ourselves. But, if it be used only for ourselves, or used for evil purposes, the power will weaken; for love is at the bottom

of sympathy, and neglected or useless faculty eventually disappears. There are many that teach that in a similar way we may "attract" wealth or anything else by putting our minds into close relation with money-making thought, so breeding money-making opportunities. This is probably true; but, as the money is gotten away from some one else, this is not really what these catch-penny prophets say it is,—"the power of mind to create things."

The editor of the *Christian* says: "The ones who are grasping after money or anything else drain every one with whom they come in contact; and they will also drain themselves as dry as the desert." They certainly will, for the way to get is to give.

Mental treatment is a form of control of mind by mind, which can easily be extended so as to do away with depression. "The blues" are unnecessary; for our own minds are entirely within our own control, even in the hardest circumstances. If you find anything disagreeable, just determine

that you will enjoy it,—at least, that you will not let it annoy you. The next step will come later, and you will find that the thing will have ceased to be disagreeable.

If men ever learn to correct every wrong, merely because it is wrong, aches and sufferings will become unnecessary, and will, therefore, be suppressed in the ordinary course of nature. Pain will then become like a door bell, which strikes only once or twice to call attention to a particular condition.

In the mean time each one can train one's own nerves to be quiet when they have delivered their message.

IX. THE END OF DESIRE.

Unlimited control of mind over matter.— Mind not dependent on things.— The spiritual life; happiness not the highest good.—Acquiescence in the order of the universe is happiness.— It comes unsought, with understanding.— It is an interior state, within our reach and under our own control.

IX.

The End of Desire.

THERE are some who claim that they have attained such understanding of the universe that all material things can be produced by them at will. This seems impossible. To talk with any one a thousand miles away seemed impossible a few years ago, till we learned the law of sound and applied it in the telephone. Greater things may be possible when we learn to apply greater laws. To do the impossible is no stranger than to see the invisible, to attain which most of us believe is possible.

Though you or I have not attained that power, we may easily realise that material things do not make us rich or poor. If it is true in any degree, as the poet says, that

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,"

if

> "My mind to me a kingdom is,"

may it not be true that there is a still more

extensive and real kingdom in the spirit? If one is convinced that nothing can affect his real self, that he is as much a part of the universe as oxygen is a part of the air, he will be conscious that he has already entered into eternity and that he himself is infinite now.

There is no promise of a mere future life, in any inspired book; the promise is of life eternal, the life of love, for which we do not wait until we die.

Of course, one who has not yet even seen that there is any existence higher than the mental existence, will scoff at this idea, just as one who has not seen that there is any existence but the animal existence will scoff at the idea that emancipation from the animal nature is possible, thinking that every one must be as he is, all shut up in the prison-cell of circumstances.

Life is, as the scientist says, "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Where is the limit to that adjustment with its increased perceptions and undreamed of powers?

The End of Desire

Because to the ordinary man — that is, to the animal — the search for happiness is universal, we are taught to believe that it is not only the right object, but the only possible object of life. We find, however, that happiness is the one door which, to him that knocks, shall not be opened, the thing which whosoever seeks shall not find. May it not be, then, that there is an object in this life, the pursuit of which in itself will be worthy and yet will, incidentally, bring more happiness than will the pursuit of happiness itself? That we cannot conceive of any other course than to seek for happiness, and that we cannot imagine any other object in life, does not prove that there is no such object. It proves only that we have not developed or have not exercised any sense which could perceive it.

We search for what we think will minister to our pleasure, and we surround ourselves with the materials for a full and satisfying life so that these desires and circumstances become a part of our construction.

As a black man is one whose blackness is a part of himself, not one who can wash off the blackness, so a "rich" man is one whose riches are a part of himself. He cannot leave them off, nor can he take them with him: therefore, it is hard for him to enter the kingdom of heaven. He who has a reputation which he is anxious to defend is also one of these rich, still a slave to desire.

Nirvana consists in knowing, and being willing, that all things pass away. Seeking special happiness or the fulfilment of special desires brings, in the nature of things, no permanent satisfaction. On the other hand, he who seeks not happiness, which means he who has ceased to desire the maintenance of his separate life, who, in other words, loses his life, finds happiness and life in every moment of existence, and sees that death is an acceptable step in joyous existence: gentle and lovely death! When you seek happiness, which is complete life, it flees from you: when you cease to seek it, you find it; for, behold, you have

been looking abroad for that which lay at your own door, — nay, more, for the very thing which you already possessed and which possessed you, but of which you were not conscious. When a man reaches this stage, he can say with the poet, —

> "Nothing there is to come, and nothing past
> But an eternal *now* doth always last."

or, again: —

> "Would you lose your life, you find it,
> And in giving love you bind it
> Like an amulet of safety to your neck forevermore."

This, which is so secured, is not less consciousness, but more complete consciousness, — is life itself, which is greater than to live. In this state, desire is eliminated by the perfect at-one-ment of the individual with the *cause of all desire.* In this state, we are everything and live in everything, and yet are not overshadowed by any one thing to the exclusion of others. The moment a thing possesses us, pain begins.

When we realise that we are a part of the

Infinite, we are no longer dependent upon circumstances for our happiness. All hate, which is separation, is then put aside and we realise perfect love and live in perfect love. This is the "kingdom of heaven" manifested in ourselves and in regard to all others. When we have attained it, we cease to regret errors or mistakes. Whatever we have done was a necessary step in our education. We deny that even our actions were evil: they have been put behind us, and they cease to trouble us. We desire more experience, no matter of what sort. When this knowledge and experience become perfect, we are at one with nature; and we become as gods, acquiring power over every form of matter.

Enlightened teachers will substantially agree that this is the truth which underlies all kinds of "Christian" and "mental" science. The prophets and the adepts only show us how to realise and to apply the truth to our daily life.

Do you see anything that you desire? Wait. As you grow in the higher knowl-

edge, you shall have all that you want, or else have the good it can give, without the burden of possessing it.

Why do we want money or even health? That we may have the power and opportunity of higher and better life. For every one knows that, if money be used for oppression, or to extend a base life, it can bring nothing but evil, expressed in misery. If we learn to get the freedom and to have the power over all things, then we do not need the money.

"The struggle of each to get rich is the struggle of each to break into heaven on earth physically, instead of entering it spiritually." The higher life is independent of money and of everything else. To an enlightened man, it will make no difference in his actions whether there is a future life or not. He knows that happiness follows right thought, therefore wrong ceases to be a temptation; and he

> "Whistles the Devil to make him sport,
> For he knows that sin is vain."

The thought and the happiness are interior and under our own control; but actions are under the control of others.

After earth there may be punishment; — that is, consequence of good or ill. There is no revenge. If there is consequence then, it will be for the same reason that it is now, that we may learn. A wise man would not wish to be delivered from the consequences of his acts, either hereafter or here.

To enjoy all things and all persons in their time and place to the utmost, yet to be dependent upon none; to be enslaved by no thing or personal form, to know that, if angels go out, arch-angels come in; to live our lives to the fullest extent, exercising our highest powers, — that is rest, happiness and peace; peace that will be perfect and permanent when it is broadened and merged into the peace of heaven upon earth.

FABLES.

The Generation of Vipers.

STUPIDITY married his sister Selfishness; and there were born to them two children, Servility and Tyranny.

These grew strong, and mated with each other. From them sprang Crime and Monopoly, twins; and their parents nourished the twins until they brought forth hateful Strife. From her spring all the furies that corrupt the kindly world.

The Comfortable Comforters.

"When a child is crying," said Sister Charity, "the first thing to do is to soothe and comfort it. Until you do, the child will hear neither reason nor instruction"; ("nor even then," she added).

"When a child is crying," said Dr. Divine, "the first thing to do is to purify and regenerate its little heart. Until you do, children's sorrows will never end"; ("indeed, sorrows have no end," he added).

"When a child is crying," said Judge Law, "the first thing to do is to restrain and punish those who made it cry. Until you do, children will always be blubbering" ("and, after that, still more," he added).

"When a child is crying," said the Disturber of the Peace, "the first thing to do is to find out what makes it cry. Until you do, you can't remove the cause."

"Why, we wouldn't want to remove the cause," said the others: "we'd have to remove ourselves."

Failures of the Ages.

THERE was a Man: stupid was he, and brutish. Yet he harried wild beasts and wilder men. It chanced that men came upon him and upon his child, and the child they would have taken for their food; but the Man withstood them, so that he was slain; and after all the child was taken by the men. Their children wondered at the Man.

There was a Man: ignorant was he, and fierce. Yet he fought with beasts and savage men. And it happened that men fell upon his villagers, and most of them escaped; but the Man stayed behind, defending women. At last the Man was killed, and the women were carried away by the men. Their children made a mound above the body of the Man.

There was a Man: weak was he, and dull. Yet he strove with chiefs and furious priests. It befell that, when his tribe went man-catching, the Man refused to help.

Therefore the priests commanded that he be burned; and the tribe went as before. For the Man their children built a tomb.

There was a Man: poor was he, and unlearned. Yet he pleaded with the unthinking, and with savage creeds. It came to pass that the rulers went astray, and he cried out to them. The rulers heeded him not, so that his heart was broken. Then he died, and the people mocked his sayings.

Their children called the Man a prophet of the Lord.

Yet, in every striving, it was given to the Soul to see that only he attaineth to the measure of a Man, who, with whatsoever light he hath in life or death, treads out the paths of God.

The Joy of the Working.

I THOUGHT that I was a husbandman whom God sent into a dreary world. I toiled breaking up the hard earth and clearing off the ground, but the more I worked, the rougher looked my plot; for, where the briers were cut away, stones showed through the shale.

I was tired; and, when I saw God, I said to him that the vines went astray faster than I could straighten them, and that where I planted my grapes, wild grapes grew up instead. God said to me that there was strength in the wild grapes; and I said, "Ay, Lord, but look at the stones." God said, "Do not I need the stones?"

And, when I saw that God watched me as I worked, I said, "The toil is hard, but I shall see the fruit." God turned away, saying, "You shall not see the fruit." I cried after him, "But there will be fruit, O Lord?" and God said, "For all your labour you get strength, not fruit."

I said, complaining, "Lord, it were so much better to find wild flowers that might be trained to be more beautiful; but there are always thorns for me to cut." And God said, "If there were not thorns, I had here no need of such an husbandman as you."

I went on working, for then I knew that I was labouring to make the Garden of the Lord that is to be.

The Motive Power.

"Why don't you do something practical?" said the Engine to the Fire. "You have been getting up steam all day, but that rock still stands in front of us."

"The boiler is large," said the Fire.

"Why waste your strength agitating the water?" puffed the Engine to the Fire. "Now, if you would light directly on that rock, your heat might some day crack it."

"There is a principle," — said the Fire.

"It's not principle that we want: it's action! Splash the water over the rock, so that at least we can clean it." said the Engine to the Fire.

"Our drill has made a little hole in the rock." said the Fire.

"But now the drill has stopped," puffed the Engine to the Fire. "You don't make any progress, and the hole is all filled up."

Just then the engineer took a spark of the Fire, and touched it to a fuse. The rock

went up in the air. The Engine went on puffing.

"Why don't you do something practical, like that?" said the Engine to the Fire.

A Masque of Life.

THE moonlight streamed over my face so that I awoke; and in the clear, cool light I saw a great round hall, and in it the children of the Spirit worked and played. And on their faces, as on every face, was written what they were. Two were Birth and Joy, and two were Life and Love, and two were Sleep and Death. They wove garlands for each other; Birth they crowned with strength, and Life with holiness, and Death with peace. So the children walked together, and every step was like a dancing-step. And Plenty spread a feast for them.

While I looked, other children came to them whose names were these: Stupidity and Selfishness. These took Death's crown of peace, and burned it in the fire, and bound his brows with superstition. They made a mask for him out of a skull. They painted the face of Life with streaks of care, and covered Birth with a robe of misery.

When Love saw what it was they did, she opened a door upon which was written "Wisdom." Behind it was a long and painful stair called Knowledge. At the top the stair was dark, but I could see Love's garland that shone as she began to climb. She called to the others, "Come with me, children, — come." None followed her but Joy. Sleep would have gone; but the others gave her poppies, and bright wine to drink, so that she stayed.

When Love was gone, the children played no more; but they invited Want and Pain to visit them; and they made knives of cunning, and clubs of base desires, and with these they fought until they could fight no more.

The children went to another door on which was written "Happiness," and they knocked upon it with their clubs and cut at it with their knives. They pushed each other back, lest one should open it for himself. But the door was shut to all.

I lay watching them, it seemed to me for

thousands of years, yet the forms of the children were still the forms of youth; but the eyes of Sleep were red, and she looked often and sadly round for Love, and Life stared gloomily at the ghastly mask of Death.

With each in turn walked Want and Pain. These were old acquaintances of my own, so I looked closely at their faces; and, though I hated them, I saw in that clear light that their eyes were kindly eyes. While I watched, they led the children to the door of Wisdom; and the children opened it a little, and some began to climb, and threw aside their hideous garb. Selfishness could not go, for he was lame and blind. Want and Pain tried to lead Stupidity, but Stupidity would not be led.

The children climbed; but, as they went, they looked to see who followed them, and, when they saw who stayed behind, they turned to bring them up. And, behold! they saw that the door of Happiness was opened wide. The moonbeams filled the hall.

As I lay thinking what it meant to me, Selfishness and Stupidity vanished from my sight. Want and Pain went up the stair: the moonlight faded from the room.

I slept again.

The Better Way.

The Rev. Christian Method went as a missionary to the Malays; and to such an extent were his efforts blessed that, no ships having come near his island home for over a year, he persuaded the Chief to abandon piracy in general and wrecking in particular. So complete was the transformation wrought upon these savages by the gospel, that the theory of moral sentiments became the staple of conversation, and every child on the island attended the annual Sunday-school picnic.

One afternoon, however, a fine brig was driven in toward the coast by a storm; and the islanders watched her with great and natural interest. As night drew on, it became evident that she was sinking fast, and that, although the wind had subsided, if she did not shortly make the harbour, she would be lost.

It was, therefore, with feelings of keen distress that the reverend man observed his

parishioners preparing to kindle false lights, according to the ancient custom of that land. When he remonstrated with the chief, that economist explained that the unaided vessel would sink, in any case, and that the lights were intended only to run her on the rocks, so that, as in civilized countries, the people might profit by the misfortune of others. The islanders were poor, and the winter coming on, and "men must live."

In vain the reverend father pointed out the wrongfulness of such a course. The Chief replied that it was their country, and that they were entitled to shape its policy for their own benefit, though this involved distress to foreigners. At the word "our country" a thought flashed on the clergyman. He said:—

"This is, indeed, your island, is it not?"

"Of course," replied the Chief.

Then said the holy man, "Let me advise: pollute it not with murder or with robbery. If you sink the ship, not only will much of the goods be lost, but the lives

of the sailors, too. Kindle true lights, give aid to the ship, show them how to beach her safely on the sand inside the bar, and then ''—

''What?'' cried the Chief.

''Why,'' replied the saint, ''charge them all they have as rent for living on your land.''

A Finance Committee.

"Chris, there's too many of you shoemakers."

"How do you make that out, Pat?"

"Why, there's too many shoes; and it's you that makes them. Look at those boxes of them: they can't be sold."

"I think," says Chris, "it's you hatmakers there's too many of. Look at the stock of hats in every shop, going out of fashion before they are used."

"Well," says Pat, "what are you grumbling about? You're wearing a shabby enough hat"—

"It's no worse than your boots," says Chris.

Pat scratched his head. "No," he said, "but there is overproduction of boots. I heard that in Mr. Rockefeller's 'School of Social Economics.'"

"I think," says Chris, "it's a lack of circulating medium. I read that in 'Coin's Financial School.'"

"Stuff!" says Pat. "I'll trade you a hat for a pair of boots; that is, when I get some fur to make it out of and find time to make it. I have to work twelve hours a day now."

"Well, I'd like to trade; but, you see, I have to sell every pair of these shoes at the best price I can get for them, to get some clothes for the children. I made the grocer take out his bill in shoes last week, because I haven't any money; but I can't spare any more. The rent is due this week."

"Gad," says Pat, "I'll try that on my land lord. I'll make him take hats. I don't believe he'll do it, though; for he gets his rent in advance. Guess he'll put me out first. Then how will I sell hats, or trade them, either, with no place to live at all, at all?"

"Mine would put me out for sure," says Chris.

"Sure, I thought you owned this shanty?" says Pat.

"So I do own the shanty, but I pay

ground rent; that is, I put up the shanty myself. The land lord claims that he owns it now."

"Why don't you move over to the field opposite, and"—

"Why, the owner there would charge me all I could make, just the same as this one."

"Well, if you get him to take a pair of shoes or so, what will he give you for them?"

"Oh, if he takes the shoes, he won't put me out."

"I'll take the shoes; and I won't put you out, either," says Pat.

"Don't talk nonsense. You don't own the land. He does."

"How did he get it?"

"Bought it, same as you will have to buy my shoes?"

"From the one that made it, same as you made the shoes?"

"Well, no," says Chris, "I suppose he bought it from some one that got it from the

Indians. 'Crows' they called them. I hear tell they were Chinese originally."

"Sure the Indians didn't make it, nor even fence it in. I don't believe the Indians owned it anyhow, any more than the crows that flew over it."

"Well, anyway, he has it now, and the lots opposite, too. The people here wanted to dig the sand out of them, but he wouldn't let them at any price. If he had, the people around here would be doing well. It's hardly taxed at all, either; and I have to pay a lot on this bit of a shed. D—n the land lord! He does nothing but collect the rent. Here he is now. Mr. Onus, I ain't got the rent yet."

"Ain't got the rent? If you ain't got the rent, Chris, you'll get the sack. Why don't you go out and peddle your shoes? I never saw so many people around here with bad shoes."

"Well, you see, sir, it's their rent day, too; and no one seems to have any money for bread, let alone shoes."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what it is, my man," says the land owner, "I'll wait till Monday, and not a day longer. I've heard all about you. You spend your time thinking and stirring up your neighbours, instead of working hard, as every man ought to. You're a kind of anarchist."

"Say, Pat," says Chris, "do you know what I think? There's an overproduction of land-owners. Why don't we vote to tax those fellows out of their boots?"

"Faith, I would," says Pat, as he showed his toes. "It's long enough they've taxed us out of ours."

The Inspiration of the Mighty.

Samson looked at the gates of Gaza. They were vast, rusted on their hinges, locked and fastened into the frame of stones. He said: "Many were they who lifted those gates into their place, and I am but one man. Can I, then, lift them up?" He thought, "Yet shall immortal glory come to me if I lift them; but they will crush me." And he looked again at their huge bulk, and halted; for the strength was not in him.

Then he said, "Am not I, even I, who will die and be forgotten, the Champion of Right!" And, because the power of God flowed into him in self-forgetfulness, he heaved the mighty gates, and bore them from the wall.

The Clarion that Calls.

As Samson was grinding at the mill, a messenger of Jahveh visited him, saying, "Samson, you are in misery: rise up and free yourself!" But Samson answered, "The toil is hard; and, when it is finished, I have no strength left," and turned again to his task. The messenger said again, "Jahveh will deliver Philistia into your hands." And Samson said, "What is that to me, for I am blind?" Yet he raised his sightless eyes. Then he bent again to toil.

The messenger was cast down. Nevertheless, he returned, and said, "You are strong, yet your own sons live in slavery." Samson answered, "Were my labours lightened, then might I deliver them." And, as he spoke, he stretched his arms.

The messenger said to himself, "Surely, I have been sent in vain." Howsoever, he turned once more, and cried, "The children of Israel sigh by reason of the bondage; rise up, and you shall deliver them." Sam-

son answered, saying, "But the Philistines will slay me." And the messenger answered, "So will it be, Samson: your brethren need your death." And Samson said, "To-morrow they make sport of me, and to-morrow God will deliver his people by my hand."

For his soul had learned to see that death is not better than life: that, having given his life for love, a man may not withhold his death.

Current Economic Literature.*

It appears from the preface of this remarkable book that a lot of diaries, discovered in an old sail-loft, extend to the return to the island, and give some account of the economic difficulties which Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) experienced in his famous State. His principal trouble was that Friday was chronically out of work, and eventually became a "submerged half." Breadfruit, fish and skins were easily obtained; and, after Robinson had eaten and wasted and worn all that he possibly could, Friday was unable to find employment for which Robinson could pay him by letting him keep part of what he had gathered and made. It will be remembered that Robinson made a spear from a stick, some traps, and baskets from reeds. These complicated the social problem, because they increased production, so that Robinson could not use it all.

* *The Private Memoirs of Alexander Selkirk.* Published by the Bogus Press Company, Samoa, 1899. 2 vols. Calf, 8vo. $12.

After the arrival of Friday's father and the Spaniard, the social pressure became more intense. Friday was very good at climbing trees to gather fruit; while Saturday, his father, was quite clever at netting fish, and the Spanish proletariat was skilful in spearing goats. Consequently, employment became differentiated; and Friday spent his whole time in gathering fruit, getting such prodigious quantities of it that Robinson could not eat it all and most of it rotted.

The same result followed the use of Saturday's net and the Spaniard's spear, so that wages went down, and the three workingmen were reduced to want. They ascribed their poverty to the introduction of machinery. Of course, Robinson could have allowed the labourers to use a part of his island to support themselves; but, as he observed, there would then have been no reason why they should work for him rather than for themselves. Indeed, they might even have made spears, nets, and baskets for

each other. It was not possible for Robinson to charge them rent; as he tells us in his story that he had all the things he needed, even before immigration began. He might have given them food as charity, but that would have pauperized the population.

But Robinson was a man of political genius and resource. He divided the island into three portions, prohibited immigration into each, and established high tariffs on everything. One division took in all the water, another nearly all the hills and woods, and the third was pasture and garden land.

Part of the increased population was now provided with a comfortable place, guarding the lines. To be sure, this part lived at the expense of the others; but he "relieved the labour market." Under the new régime, Saturday, who was fond of fish, but was cut off from the sea, had to work all day to get bread-fruit enough to buy a mess of fish, which it took Friday a day to catch. A

large surplus accumulated in the treasury, which it was no easier to dispose of than to dispose of a deficit, as there was no one to steal it, and no one to make war upon. Prices, however, instantly rose, so that, in order to get a bunch of bananas, it was necessary to gather a bushel of oysters or to give a whole goat. The "system" worked beautifully, and the domestic industry of raising infant goats on sand was greatly stimulated. They were continually "on the eve of prosperity." In fact, the only trouble was that Robinson got the gout, and Friday's father and the Spaniard starved to death.

Dividing the Spoils.

A Rich Man, a Poor Man, a Beggar Man, and a Thief decided to do business as a partnership, instead of competing as before. They were to share the profits, and none of them being very good at arithmetic they agreed to divide on economic lines.

The Beggar Man said: "I will have the interest for my share. I can get a banking act passed, so that we shall have the money to trade with; and I will do the lending." The Rich Man said: "I will have the rent for my share. I can get a grant of land, so we shall have the place to work on; and I will do the collecting." "And I will have the wages for my share," said the Poor Man. "I can get nothing else, so we will have the product; and I will do the working." "And what shall I take?" asked the Thief. "You can take notice," said the Beggar Man. "Or you can take a back seat," said the Rich Man. "Or you can take yourself off," said the Poor Man.

"No, I can arrange it better than that," said the Thief. "If the firm can't steal, it will fail in business. I will take all that is made out of Monopolies for my share. I can scheme to get subsidies, and I will do the thinking." The Poor Man whispered, "We haven't any monopoly." So the Beggar Man said, "That's all right." And the Rich Man added, "He can build a lunatic asylum with his share." They all agreed accordingly, and opened a commission house.

"I will take a rest," said the Landlord Man. "I'll get my rent in just as well."

"I will take a vacation," said the Capitalist Man. "I'll get my interest all the same."

"I will take my time," said the Thief. "I'll get there just as well."

"And I will take a tonic," said the Labouring Man. "I'll get small pay on pay-days all the same."

When they came to wind up, they quarrelled so about the division that they called in an economic accountant to be the Judge.

The Rich Man said: "My rent is the same that the adjoining land brings in. It's easy to determine that." "Yes," said the Judge Economist, "the rent is easily fixed, but two-thirds of it is monopoly rent: that goes to your partner, the Thief." "The interest is 6 per cent. for me," observed the Beggar Man; "that's easily figured." "Interest in nearly all due to monopoly;" interposed the Judge; "but we might concede you 1 per cent." "My wages," said the Poor Man, "should be calculated on the trades-union scale." "You've had a living," said the Judge; "and that's what wages tend to, that's easily understood. Anyhow, that's all there's left." "I'm left myself," the Labourer said. "The Labourer is right for once," the Rich Man said. "I have been there myself," the Beggar Man remarked.

"I accept my award," returned the Thief, "though it ought to have been more."

The Sins of the World.

(A NIGHTMARE.)

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and got into a trolley car. He had no stock in the line, and could not stop the car. The car rushed furiously over an unguarded crossing, and ran over a little girl. The man's car crushed the head of the child. (Thou art the man.)

A certain other man went from New York to Georgia, and got into a mob. He had no acquaintances in the town, and could not stop the mob. The mob rushed furiously down the street, and ran over a little girl; and the man's foot crushed her face. (I was the man.)

Which, now, of us two, thinkest thou, went down to his house justified rather than the other?

Of One Flesh.

He was a rough sort of Western fellow that sat beside me at the steamship table, and he would eat with his knife. Now I am a sensitive sort of man, and that annoyed me greatly. Therefore, during dinner, I looked black at him, and politely passed him forks till his place looked like a sample tray. We did not speak but I could see that he felt antagonistic. He did not seem to make any attempt at amendment. Perhaps that was obstinacy or hateful pride.

One day it was very stormy; and, as I went to the cabin hatch to get a breath of air, I found him standing at the door.

The sea was dark and gloomy, and the chill wind blowing out of a dull sky kept up a monotonous roll of sea. I turned, and looked at his face. It was sad, and drawn with care. I am not an ill-natured man, so I said cheerfully, "It's rather gloomy, isn't it?" "Yes," said he sadly,—"yes, it

looks very dark to me. When I came out three months ago, it all looked very bright. I'll tell you," said he. "I'm not an old man, but I have done pretty well and made my pile; and, after her poor mother died, I came out here with my little girl to show her the world and let her enjoy our money. She was just eighteen, and you never saw such a — We went to Rome, and" — He stopped a minute, and I looked out over the sea. "I'm coming home without her. She took the fever, — she took the fever in Rome; and" —

He turned suddenly, and stumbled down the companion stair.

I felt lonely now myself, for I knew that it was the soul of a Man that had looked out upon the restless sea with me. How blind I was that I had not seen till then! It was my brother who sat beside me at dinner, very silent, and eating with his knife. I passed him no more forks. One does not mind the little failings of one's friends.

Monopoly's Plea for Charity.

The Old Man of the Sea was riding on Sinbad's neck, and Sinbad staggered under the weight. "Help this poor Soul," cried the dear Old Man. "Won't somebody lend him a hand?" The kindly disposed had pity on Sinbad, and gave him a stick with which he supported his tottering steps. The Old Man was much more comfortable, and grew more fat. Sinbad's knees were giving away. "How miserable the lower classes are!" said the good Old Man. "We must have systematic aid." The benevolent folk got a long crutch for Sinbad. He got on better, so the Old Man piled his baggage on Sinbad's back. Sinbad reeled, and almost fell. "He should have religion," cried the pious Old Man. So he rode him to church three times a week.

Still Sinbad staggered about. "It's moral restraint that Sinbad needs," said the pleasant Old Man. So he gave some of

Sinbad's breakfast to a dog to snap at his heels. Sinbad pitched blindly on. "Education is what he wants," said the kind Old Man. "I'll teach him to trot." So he jumped up and down, as if Sinbad were trotting. Sinbad seemed as weary as ever. "The condition of the labourer is intolerable," cried the sweet Old Man. "He must have government aid." So he made Sinbad fan himself with his hat.

But Sinbad became dissatisfied, and even dishonest. So he "upset society," and threw the Old Man off into the sea. Poor Old Man! deprived of his vested rights and position; not even done by degrees. The unhappy Old Gentleman should have compensation — from Sinbad.

The Revolutionists.

"Those are come hither also, who have turned the world upside down."

THERE was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. So, when he had taken the lever of discontent, he made a fulcrum in the land of dreams, and pushed. Because there was nothing to resist him, he seemed to do great work. But the world turned on its way, and does not even remember him.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. And, when he had taken the lever, he laid hold upon a star for a fulcrum. But, when he began to push, the star was so far from the world that he got no power at all; and his heart broke with the straining. And he also is forgotten.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. He found the lever, and used a balloon for a fulcrum. It was made of pride, and varnished with self-conceit; when he pushed upon the lever, the

balloon burst, and the man fell. And only hell remembers him.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. When he had taken the lever, he rested it upon the sands of self-interest, and many came and helped him, and pushed mightily upon it; but the sands slipped, and the world rolled on and crushed the man. And the memory of him rots.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. And, when he had taken the lever, he planted it upon the Rock of Righteousness; and, when he found that the world was stronger than he, he allied himself with the powers of the Kingdom that is at hand. Therefore, when he pushed, the whole round world was overturned.

The world forgets him, like the rest; but his name is written in the Book of God's Remembrances.

How "Progress" Stopped.

THE rumble of a coming storm had been heard for a long time, but the upper classes mistook it for the humming of the wheels of prosperity. The mob had broken out again and again, and had been shot down. The impunity of the deputy sheriffs at Homestead, and later at Lattimer, where unarmed men were slaughtered, encouraged such violence. The hands of authority had been strengthened. By flattering local pride and conceding appropriations for armories, militia regiments had been increased. After the Spanish War, various scares were carefully nurtured by the monopolistic newspapers, and the standing army and navy were greatly increased. The propaganda of the socialists, the philosophical anarchists and the single-taxers, however, had been vigorously carried on during the whole time. By the advice of the Kansas *Appeal to Reason*, the agitators gave special attention to the police and to the army. But

the people at large did not seem to take interest even in the choice of judges, so that when strikes occurred among the miners, and rapidly spread over the various mining districts, injunctions covering every possible act toward the continuance of the strike were promptly issued by Judge Showalter, Judge Allen, and others. The strike, in the face of such orders of court, backed by deputy sheriffs in the employ of the coal roads, seemed hopeless; and Mr. Carnegie, whose counsel had been sought by the mine operators, announced in an interview given the New York *World*, that the back of the strike was broken.

The miners, however, peaceably but persistently, and in great bodies, ignored the injunctions. They were arrested in crowds by the deputy sheriffs paid by the State, but nominated under the law of 1897, by the mine-owners. The deputies were well drilled; and, when the Lattimer plan was repeated, not one of the marching strikers escaped. The popular indignation was un-

bounded. Even the deputies were appalled at the destruction made by their weapons. As usual, little confidence was felt in the militia, therefore, federal troops were called out to protect the sheriff and his men. So great was the uneasiness on the part of monopoly that General Miles himself took command. A howl of joy went up from the subsidised press, but there were some who felt that such heroic measures were inopportune.

Many of the clergy, led by Rainsford of New York, protested against military violence, but in vain.

A conflict was provoked by the sheriff in person; he and his party were wiped out by the sheer force of numbers of the disemployed hungry workers, although after frightful massacre. The soldiers were hurried to the scene. To the horror of the plutocracy, the soldiers refused to shoot.

The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the principal road directly interested, advised a cessation of hostilities. He

pointed out that the police had failed in the draft riots in New York in 1863; that the militia had proved unreliable in the Pittsburg riots in 1877; and urged that the experience of Chicago in 1893, when the strikers were allowed to uncouple cars guarded by troops, should have shown that it was rash to play the last card of repression.

In vain. The soldiers were promptly court-martialled, and twenty of them condemned to be shot for mutiny. Their comrades refused to execute the sentence. Roosevelt by offering to lead the marines in "restoring order" only added to the sentiment against violence.

At the suggestion of J. Pierpont Morgan, the forces of plutocracy united, and most of the factories were shut down, on the plea that it was dangerous to bring the working classes together in that temper.

The payment for the poorer sort of houses all over the country stopped. Most people had no resources; and the few who had

money saved, seeing the rows of vacant buildings, refused to pay any rent. The district court calendars were choked with dispossession cases, every one of which was cared for by young lawyers ambitious of political preferment. The judges, unwilling to add to the confusion and distress, and bidding for their re-election, allowed every technical defence, and, although without authority, always granted time (as they had long been accustomed to do) to dispossessed tenants to move. There was difficulty in finding marshals to execute, in the face of frequent resistance, the few warrants granted. Capital became frightened; and a tremendous panic set in, beginning in Wall Street. Scarcely any money remained in circulation; a system of barter by store orders, and of individual and corporate circulating checks sprang up, the usual prohibition of which, under the ten per cent. "State bank tax," the district attorneys had no means of enforcing. Most of the very rich fled to Europe or retired to their country homes.

The stocks of merchandise became exhausted; and, as nearly all production had ceased, the price of everything rose enormously.

The workers, seeing the unsatisfied demand for goods, began to organise into groups, and to get the use of factories for themselves. This self-employment was greatly facilitated by the use of electric power for small and isolated industries.

Then employers generally, began to weaken. The corporations were afraid to trust arms in the hands of even their private detectives and special police: their condition was becoming desperate. Sales of real estate had ceased: the courts were overcrowded with foreclosure suits. The distress in the middle and ordinarily well-to-do classes set them to thinking. The charities and poorhouses, and the jails especially, were overburdened, insomuch that it was impossible to find room for the prisoners. The magistrates and governors discharged every one they could, and the police ceased to make arrests.

When spring arrived, destitute workers began to cultivate unused lots. The entire force discharged from the Hocking Valley and Calumet mines began to take coal and copper from the idle mines. It soon became apparent that the authorities were unable to enforce the laws for the protection of such property. However, life was safe; and there was far less moral delinquency than usual,—a fact which caused no little comment and comparison with a similar experience during the reign of the Communality in Paris.

The lack of currency was readily supplied by the organisation of mutual guarantee associations among those whose checks and orders were circulating as currency. The superiority of guaranteed notes was so evident that all issuing money were shortly forced into a central association. Gradually it dawned upon the workers that they were succeeding without the "employer." They began to see that they could employ themselves if they were only left what nature

had supplied; so the mines began to fill with the old hands, who, appointing such superintendents as were necessary to avoid confusion, established a new order of things. "Why," said they, "should we wait for the nod of the mine-'owner,' who levied the blackmail of rent upon our labour? If we pay gratuities to any one, let them be to the poor, not to the rich." So at a great meeting held by representatives of the workers, it was decided to lay aside for public purposes a certain percentage of each ton mined.

As to the reimbursement of the original mine-owners, there was at first a feeling that they should be paid for their "property"; but Eugene V. Debs pointed out that the original title to all these lands was obtained through trick and fraud, either from the Indians or through an "imperial" charter to some faithful courtier. The community had been a loser by the ownership of land for all the many years past. No one could be found to stand up for the landed

"proprietor." The miners urged that the cost of the very tools had been extorted by monopoly from labour, and that they were but reclaiming their own. Later, however, to silence complaint, the owners were given certificates, redeemable in product, for the value of their machinery and "plant." These were paid off in a few months.

The means of transportation soon became a vital point of attack. The companies operating the various lines had at first refused to carry any product of the miners, and finally stopped running completely, in order to demoralise the new labour community. But, the employees of the roads appealed to the recently established general labour bureaus of the States, and it was decided that, inasmuch as it was for the public welfare that the workingmen should be employed, the companies should resume work. The companies flatly refused, and the roads were finally seized in the interest of the community. Compensation was granted to the holders of railroad securi-

ties, based upon the actual cost of the rolling-stock and plant; and this was generally approved, as it gave every really innocent holder all that he could justly claim. By the very acts of seizure the union of the classes was strengthened and confidence bred. Labourers began to think that in working the mines and in the public ownership of the rail highways their toil was not only improving their general welfare, but actually adding to the wealth of the country, instead of to that of a few individuals; and, when men think hard, they generally develop something. Seeing their power, the people turned out to the primaries, and elections took on a new aspect. New judges, upright men of the people, soon occupied the benches formerly held by "disturbers of the peace," as the old magistrates were dubbed. Everything made by labour was exempted from local taxation and execution for debt, and sufficient income for the general government expenses was derived from taxing corporations and such privileges as

could not be abolished. The demand for labour, created by the anxiety of land-owners to get something out of their holdings with which to pay the high taxes, convinced the people that a tariff was not needed, and it was abolished by annual reductions extending over four years. The general disregard of land titles, where land was held unused and for speculation, forced capital into productive enterprises. Occupation and use of land, with the payment of yearly assessments based on the public value of the same, gave every one that preferred it, opportunity to labour for himself rather than to take a place in the mills and factories or offices of the great cities.

An attempt was made to import Slavs and Huns as "defenders of society" and to organise them as deputy sheriffs, special police, and labourers. But the influence of our course, coupled with the concessions by European rulers, to the people, due to the fall of the Spanish throne and to our example, was found to be so decided that no

influx of European immigrants could be relied upon; and the few who came, quickly joined the ranks of free labour or struck out for themselves.

The threat of those formerly in power, that "progress" would stop, was answered. Progress stopped for the few, to be sure. But the mine toilers rather than the mine-owners, the community rather than the few railroad bond-holders, the many landless rather than the land lords, found that progress had begun when the deputies' rifles were fired in the final strike.

The Sans-culottes.

"Miners in Hocking Valley seven dollars and fifty cents a month?" said the Professor of Social Economics. "Oh, the cure for that is to raise the standard of living. My patron, the good Mr. Stonefellow, is just shipping champagne and cigars to take the place of their beer and pig-tail plug. Then they won't work so cheap."

"That is right," said the Charity Organiser. "What the poor mostly want is a want. To be sure, they want breeches now; but that's not what I mean."

"It seems to me," said the Ignorant Man, "that a man without breeches has a very definite want."

"They should have a change of heart, not a change of raiment," observed "General" Bungalow.

"We must teach them temperance by books," said Mr. Templar. "Then they could save all their seven dollars and fifty cents for food and luxuries and — and — breeches, you know."

"A higher tariff is what they need," said Mr. Homestede. "You see, if they paid more for everything, then those who supply them would have more money to buy their coal."

"But," said the Ignorant Man, "the Creator made the coal for the land-owner; and the Sans-culottes are not allowed to mine it. It isn't their coal."

"That's an abstract question," murmured the University Settler. "The thing to do is to get near to these poor miners, and then we shall understand their needs."

Said the Ignorant Man, "I understand that they need breeches now."

"It should be made more profitable to have the country opened up," remarked Mr. Subsidy.

"I would rather make it less profitable to have the mines shut down," said the Ignorant Man.

"Nonsense! That's Utopian. What is needed is to make the miners all church members," said Dr. Mission Nary.

"Like the mine-owners?" asked the Ignorant Man.

"Now you haven't studied this problem," said the Professor. "It's very complex, but this diagram will make it clear. *W A N T* are the *axes*. Let *b* represent the supply of necessaries. — "

"Breeches?" asked the Ignorant Man.

"Don't interrupt," said the Professor. "Then *x* will represent the cost, and *a* the men: therefore, the curve *b a x* is the efficient demand. Now, to find the marginal utility of *b*, if we extract the square root of *b* " —

"Will the square root of *b* cover a man's legs?" inquired the Ignorant Man.

"No," whispered the Professor, "but our theories about it will cover man's inhumanity."

Philosopher Dog.

I SUPPOSE I must have been half asleep when I heard Snap whine, "Yeow arn yow ell." It sounded like, "You aren't very well." Strange! I listened again. However, I am fond of Snap, and sometimes talk to him. So I said: "No, I'm not well. Monopole is after the rent of the farm, and I haven't got the money."

"Rent?" said Snap, quite distinctly. "What's rent?"

"Why," said I, "it's what we pay to be allowed to live on any part of the earth that's good for anything."

"Oh!" said Snap, "you know I caught a rabbit yesterday. He was so fat he could hardly run, so I know all the rabbits will be fat. You aren't as plump as Mr. Monopole."

"No," said I. "You see Monopole's my landlord. I pay him for letting me work this farm."

"Why do you do that?"

"Well," I said, "it's hard to make it clear to an unreasoning mind; but, you see, the King of England granted — that is, eh, — the Indians long ago — er — the people of — I mean that generations past agreed — Oh, say, you couldn't understand that: you're a dumb animal."

"Dumb animal!" said Snap, indignantly. "It's you that's dumb. I have yelled at you every night for six years, and you have never even answered me till now."

"I thought you were baying at the moon," said I, politely.

"Baying! Stuff! Dogs don't bay at the moon. The light keeps me awake, so that I feel the rheumatism, and I yell at you to get me a warm bed. Don't men keep yelling when they are uncomfortable?"

"Well, no," I said. "They mostly say it's due to hard times, and that there's no good grumbling."

"What did you say dogs are?" said Snap. "Manimals, was it?"

"No, dumb animals," I said.

"I heard you barking at night one November. Were you baying at the moon?"

"No, you stupid beast. I was shouting for Sound Money and Protection."

"Did you get the Sound Money?"

"Oh, yes, we got it all right."

"Then," says Snap, "why don't you pay your rent with it?"

"Well, I didn't exactly get it myself; but the country did."

"And do you own some of the country?"

"N–o, but we all get the Protection."

"What's that?"

"Why," I said, "I will try to be simple. It's a way of keeping people from eating or wearing English things."

"Are English things poison, that you keep people from eating them?"

"Oh, no, they are just as good as ours; but they cost less."

"Then you certainly are rather simple not to use them. Willie has a guinea pig shut up in that little pen in the front yard, so that it can't get at the English clover. Is that Protection?"

"No, that's restriction," I said.

"But if the clover were shut out from the guinea pig, instead of the guinea pig shut in from the clover, would that be Protection?"

"It seems — but we were talking about the landlord," I answered.

"Is Willie the guinea pig's landlord, then?"

"Something like that," I said, although I had never thought of it before.

"Would the guinea pig stay there if it were as big and wise as you?"

"No, of course not."

"Then is Mr. Monopole bigger and wiser than you?"

"Oh bother! Don't you know old Monopole yourself?"

"If he's no wiser than you, I'm sorry for him," said Snap. "Is" —

"Say, Maria, this dog won't let me rest. I wish you'd put him in the barn."

As Snap was pulled out, I heard him yell out angrily: "Barking at the moon, indeed!

Why, the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles off; but it's not as much off as the master.''

Snap thinks too much. Such dogs are dangerous.

A License to Live.

"Say, Master Renter," said Snap the first time he got me alone, "isn't that rent you told me about like the dog license?"

"Why, yes, in some ways. How do you mean?" I asked.

"I heard the collector tell you that fifty cents had to be paid for me to live."

"Yes," I answered. "He said that was because dogs kill sheep and go mad."

"Would you kill sheep and go mad, if you didn't pay rent?"

"Maybe," said I. "I suppose I'd be an anarchist." Then, to turn the subject, I added, "But, if I didn't pay fifty cents for you, you'd be shot."

"Then Mr. Monopole will shoot you if you don't pay rent?"

"Why, no," I answered, "he won't shoot me, but he might as well: he will put me off the farm. Then I'll be a tramp."

"Do they shoot tramps?"

"No," I said, "they only shoot strikers so far; but they put tramps in jail."

"Mr. Monopole couldn't put you anywhere: he's too weak and fat. Besides, I'd bite him."

"You're a good dog," I said. "Monopole certainly couldn't put me off alone; but all the people in the country would help a land lord, if necessary, to get his rights,—that is, to get his lan— I mean to say, to put me off."

"Then all the people in the country are land lords except you?" asked Snap.

"Dear, no," I said. "Only about one in every eight owns any land; and, even of those, the most, instead of paying rent to a land lord, pay interest to a mortgagee."

"Then why would they help?"

"Because they, or, rather, the masters of their ancestors, made the law that way."

"I don't see that that's any reason," said Snap, "but I have an unreasoning mind. What's interest?"

"Interest," I said, "is what we pay for the use of bills that we get from the bank."

"Why don't you make them yourself?"

"Because the law allows only people who have fifty thousand dollars to issue money."

"Who made that law?" asked the dog.

"Why, we did," I said. I knew he was going to ask why. So I added, "You know, 'To him that hath shall be given.'"

"Do you think, then," said Snap, "you'll be given any brains?"

"It isn't my fault," I said desperately. "I'm only one of those that made the law that way."

Said Snap: "If I were you, I'd rather be shot like a striker than help in such laws. What is a striker, anyway?"

"A striker," I told him, "is a man who won't work for the wages he can get."

Snap scratched his head with his hind leg. "Do people get paid for working?" he asked. "I thought you said that you paid Mr. Monopole for being allowed to work."

That's just like a dog. Dogs and women shouldn't be allowed to talk, when they can't vote; and you can't make them understand our political economy.

"WHAT'S wages?" asked Snap.

"Wages are — They are some of the wealth a workingman makes, which he gets for making it."

"What is wealth?"

"Wealth, of course," I said, "is anything which people want, produced from land by work."

"Oh! But I thought it was you workingmen who made all things. Why don't you keep them all?"

"Because workingmen are like draft animals: they don't appreciate their power, and they don't unite. They distrust one another."

"I wouldn't do that. But, then, I'm only a stupid beast. What are you?"

"I'm — I'm — looking out for myself," I said.

"When I caught the rabbit, you gave me the skin and bones. Was that my wages?"

"I suppose so."

"If I'd caught him on your land, I'd have owed you another rabbit for rent, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, but you got him on Monopole's land. He owns all the land here. He would charge you rent, only he doesn't know you catch rabbits."

"If the crop of rabbits failed so I couldn't catch two a day, then how could I pay?"

"I guess you'd have to dig potatoes at night with your paws: like me at the harvest time," I added bitterly.

"Why, then," says Snap, "the rent gives employment and diversified industries."

"Yes, like the tariff," I said. "But, then, it accumulates capital."

"What's capital?" asked the dog.

Said I: "Capital is that part of wealth used to produce more wealth. When I gave you your breakfast, which enabled you to run all day after the rabbit, that was an advance of capital."

"I see," says Snap. "Then, if you'd charged me interest, you would have kept

the bones, and I'd have had to starve on the skin."

"I'd have to feed you anyhow, because I own you."

"Does old Monopole have to feed you?"

"No," I said, "of course not."

"Then hadn't you better get old Monopole to own you?"

"Nonsense!" I said angrily. "This is a free country."

"Why," says Snap, hotly, "you told me Monopole owned it."

"Yes," I answered. "But the men are fr — that is, men can't own a man in the United States."

"What's a man?"

"A man is a reasonable animal."

Snap rolled over laughing, and laughed himself into a fit. I don't know what he was laughing at, but I don't like dogs with fits.

A Clean Heart.

THERE was a woman that desired to have Love for her guest, for she knew that where Love is, Joy cometh, and Peace abideth.

Therefore she made clean the chambers of her heart. She opened the doors, and prepared the entrance. She swept out prejudices and desires, and brightened the portals with the oil of kindness.

But in a little press in a corner, there dwelt a family of rats, and the woman tried to forget them altogether. She said, "I have put them out of my life, as though they had never been." Yet she did not drive them away, for she said: "The hole is dark, and I shall but soil my hands. I do not know what may be under their nest."

Under the nest were mouldering bones and relics of forgotten quarrels. The woman said, "If I should rake out all these things, I would disturb the order of my house."

Love came to make his home with her.

But in the morning the napery was soiled, and the floor was strewn with offal and with rubbish. The woman was displeased, and blamed her child for making all the dirt. . . .

That night Love came not back.

Next day the woman cleansed the house again, and then sought after him. At evening she found him, and brought him back once more.

But in the morning the furniture was gnawed and the house was foul with dirt. The woman scolded her servants, and they made defence; when she looked for Love, he had gone.

The rats bred and rioted through the house. They grew strong, and took up much room. The woman said, "I can only forget those rats, for to root them out now, would destroy the house."

Love came back no more.

Monopoly.

The prize which the overworked tutor promised, if the elder boys would but be quiet for this one term, was given to-day. To-day the tutor took Richard and Jack out with him, and bought a big gray squirrel, — so beautiful! Tommy was left at home: he is quite small.

Now they have brought the squirrel home, and they race upstairs and lock themselves into their little room. They are going to take Bunny out of the cage.

But Tommy has heard. His stout little feet paddle, paddle, up the long flight. He hears the door close. He hears his brothers shout. They say, "How shall we get him out?" They scream with excitement. Tommy is excited, too. He is at the top, breathless; but the door is shut.

"Please let me in." No answer. "Oh, please, please let me in, — only just for one little minute." The children are wild: they do not hear.

He calls again, again. "Oh, do, do, please, only please." They do not answer. The door is shut. He sits down on the mat, silent, despairing, quietly sobbing. On the one side misery, on the other joy; but the door is shut.

In the Jurisdiction of God.

[The writer has many a time seen that some who would fain help forward the kingdom are beguiled into exaggeration or dishonesty as a means of gaining their ends, "bragging a little," they call it. He himself realises how the purity of the motive strengthens the temptation to this fatal mistake,—this falseness which eventually results in an inability to distinguish celestial truth from earthly lies. Therefore, he writes this fable, and dedicates it to those who abhor subterfuge, and believe in the right of men to know the truth.]

A Woman went out to sow the seed of tenderness. In the sand she sowed it, and nothing but disappointment came of it. Therefore, she mixed self-deception and weakness and good intentions with the sand; and there sprang up a crooked tree which was called Expediency, and from it grew gnarled branches of laws.

She said, "This tree is more convenient than the tree of Rectitude; for that will neither bend nor break, nor can one twist it to suit the circumstances."

She said, "The tree of Rectitude can never grow upon earth." She heaped up beautiful white lies about Expediency, and sprinkled it with flattery; and she made a prop for it out of charity. She said, "It is very fair."

But the trunk of it was hollow and the branches rotten; its flowers were Distrust, and its fruit Compromises and Complications.

Yet the Woman ate of the fruit, and gave the flowers to her children. Alas! the flowers were fœtid, and the fruit was poisonous.

She said: "I meant well when I sowed it. Surely, it is a goodly tree; yet it brings forth evil fruit!

. . . . . .

But on the Mountain there was One who sowed the seed of Righteousness, and with great toil planted it among the rocks, and watered it with tears; and that tree grew up and blessed the land.

The Woman looked upon it, and said,

"There are thorns upon it, and its trunk is rough and coarse." But its roots broke the rocks, and still it spread until the whole nation was sheltered under it. And on it grew the beautiful flowers of Justice and the pleasant fruits of Love.

The Woman said, "Where that tree grows is the Kingdom of Heaven, and they who tended it are the children of God."

Rise and Progress of a Soul.

THERE was a man who cried that life was hard, and that all went ill with him. Therefore, he snarled at men, and wailed that all the world was bad.

God said to him, "Your hell is in your heart."

The man cried out, "Though I do righteously, yet the wicked beat me down." Therefore, his hand was against every man. He sighed that not a God, but devils, ruled the world.

God said, "The school for you is my earth."

Again the man cried out, "There is no happiness below for me; for men have trampled on my rights, and I have been a fool. I shall be happy in a better world."

God said, "Such heaven as you conceive I give."

Once more the man cried out: "I am not holier than other men, for are not all one flesh? In the sins they do and the

fights they make I must needs take my part. Yet I am one with God.''

God answered him, and said, ''My brother and son, my kingdom is in you.''

An Allegorical Boat.

That ridiculous Genius could have made a fortune if he would only have painted things as other people see them. Now there is a good demand for pictures of "War" and "Peace." "War" has a regiment of men, nicely dress-parading up a hill at double-quick. There is some smoke in the middle distance. Here and there a man has softly fallen, — presumably killed for effect, — a gray war-charger, and so on.

"Peace" has one of the same sort of men, immeasurably smug, with a woman's arm on his neck and several stolid children, apparently waiting to be told that they may go. Some fruit and a workman's cap —

The Boating pictures ought to be of eight neat collegians with a little coxswain. The faces should look like Cheshire cheeses, and the figures like tailors' dummies. That sort of picture sells. People like that kind.

But this man, when he got an order, put in the foreground of his battle-piece a

greenish corpse, torn from the hip to the neck, and a wretch trying to drag himself off the dusty road, with his bowels trailing in his shadow, and — Well, I won't describe it. His "Peace" was a picture of a ragged orphaned babe, with cavernous face. From dirt and neglect, ulcers — But there! If I were to tell you about his pictures as they are, you would not buy my book. The worst of it was that he labelled them "Savagery" and "Civilization."

But I was going to tell you about the boat. It was to be a picture of "Progress in the Nineteenth Century." Well, on one side, in front of the boat, he had a lot of people lolling at their ease. They had whips in their hands, and seemed to be making the ragged people in the stern do the rowing. And all the poor-looking people were on the same side, too, so that the boat tipped over frightfully. The helmsman was perched away up on the gunwale, trying to keep the balance; and he must have been neglecting his steering, for you

could see a half-circle of foam in their wake.

I asked my Genius what that meant, besides meaning that the picture would be thrown back on his hands. He said "the boat is Society, and the people in the front are the cunning and the strong, who have compelled the lower classes to leave their places and to toil for them. That was the reason that all were on one side of the boat. The intelligent helmsman is doing the best he can to keep things straight. The figure with the seraphic face, not quite finished, is just an ordinary crank, climbing up on an oar rigged out over the tilting side, and sacrificing comfort and endangering his support to correct a result of social wrong."

Now, if Moses or Jeremiah had painted a thing like that in biblical times, it might have sold. Besides, they weren't dependent upon the public. But for a commercial painter! Why, he could no more do it than an editor could admit that the

"policy" of the paper came from the counting-house. My painter is a totally impracticable man.

Competition.

It is not generally known that before the Indian mutiny, there had been extensive economic discussions among the natives, and that at the uprising some interesting sociological experiments were made by the sepoys, which were unfortunately stopped by the British guns.

The Manchester School had long been teaching that all restraint of the individual was unfair, that each should grab all that he could, and that, however unjust the conditions, there was nothing so good as "Laissez faire." Therefore, when the natives made their first large capture of the English, they proceeded to put these principles in practice, while the band played the March of Civilization. They stuffed the prisoners into what has most unfairly come to be known as the "black hole" of Calcutta, and left them severely alone. Those English malcontents made a great outcry because most of them died in the night, from

thirst and heat and suffocation. Now the "hole" was no blacker than an ordinary coal mine, and it is much easier to die in one night than to be worked to death for years.

One of the English gentlemen said to the sentry: "Here, you blackguard, we are dying in here. You must do something to relieve us."

"You haven't read 'Malthus,'" returned the guard. "In India, population is pressing upon the means of subsistence; and war, pestilence, and famine are the means, mercifully appointed by God and us, for curing this disease."

"But," said the officer, "our condition is horrible. What shall we do?"

"Compete freely among yourselves," answered the man. "Experience shows that all attempts from outside to better the condition of the weaker and dependent classes result, in the end, only in increasing misery."

"But think of our common humanity" —

"Ah, yes," replied the sentry. "If you are not satisfied, go elsewhere: you are perishing merely from overcrowding. The remedy for that is emigration."

"But you have made it impossible for us to emigrate. We are shut up in here."

"You suffer," said the guard, "from your own weakness and imprudence. Interference with the conditions which have evolved themselves would be most unwise."

"You brute!" cried the Englishman. "We are trampling upon each other! Give us, at least, air and water!"

"Air and water," replied the sepoy, "are the elements of nature which are appointed for possession by an overruling Power, and on which the proletariat are no more entitled to seize than they are to confiscate the land."

"I can't argue," said the officer. "We are dying in here for want of what lies open all about us. Why won't you let us use some of the water which you do not need?"

"Because," returned the other, "our appropriation of water has restricted the supply, and given it a value, much of which is in the hands of widows and orphans. This value it would not be right to destroy. However, you have the same liberty as every one else to buy some water."

"Buy!" answered the unhappy Briton. "You have taken from us everything with which we could buy: you have robbed us of all we had."

"Don't use anarchistic phrases, my friend, else I'll shoot you as a striker. You are a worthless and discontented lot; and to let you out would be, as Professor Gunkum expressed it, 'to subject the newer and higher type to the degrading competition of the older and lower.'"

"Well, for mercy's sake, let some of the children out, anyhow!"

"Now I pity you with all my charity organization," said the sentry. "But, if I were to release you now, you would add to the ordinary glut of the labour market; and

I am not going to interfere either with free competition or with the survival of the fittest.''

Remedial Measures.

"O SIR," cried one of the prisoners in the "Black Hole of Calcutta" to the Maharaja, as he came to visit the gaol, "pray let us out of this. We are in great distress, and dying by the dozen."

"Dying?" replied the prince. "Then something must be done. We must first find the extent, and then the cause of your distress."

So he sent a friendly visitor, who took the measure and the weight of each one in the hole, and figured out how many feet of air he breathed. He made a scientific study of the case, and noted the following valuable and interesting sociologic conclusions — the friendly visitor had a large family: —

"*First.* Competition is at the root of all this suffering. Had the prisoners taken turns at the peep-hole in the door of the cell, all could have lived till now.

"*Second.* Underlying this is human

greed; for the stronger ones stopped up the breathing-space with their heads, and so the weaker perished.

"*Third.* There is a maladjustment of the social force. If, instead of breathing in the air and returning it from their lungs into the cell, the prisoners would discharge it on the outside, a large number would survive.

"*Fourth.* Those poor people are prodigal of their water. They drink whole cupfuls at a time: whereas, were they persistently to breathe through the nose, the desire for water would be greatly lessened.

"*Fifth.* There is no real scarcity of water, as the Ganges and the Mississippi hold an abundant supply, which is practically free. The heat is an unavoidable incident of human life, though aggravated by the vices and fever of the poor prisoners. To open the door as a panacea is a fascinating theory; but I am constrained to say (else I should lose my job) that the only immediate and practical remedy is to miti-

gate their thirst by giving the lower strata rags to chew. Much might be done, also, by blowing through the key-hole. But the only real specifics are: first, education, so that they may make the best of their opportunities, but not any education that could make them discontented; and, second and mainly, moral elevation."

When the Maharaja read the report, he sent to the prisoners a teacher of sloyd and a book upon "The Pleasures of Content." And he raised the visitor's salary.

Sauve Qui Peut.

When the King was come to his own, his soldiers were scattered and few. Therefore, each felt that he must depend upon himself and upon the word of the King. So, wherever these soldiers went, they overthrew the citadels, and the cities surrendered saying, "Behold, these are come hither also, which have turned the world upside down."

With such success the army of the King became organised; and, when they sought a free country, the soldiers learned to trust to the generals and to the artillery. When the enemy appeared, each soldier said in his heart, "This great army will be victorious"; and he added, "So they do not need me." "We will surely succeed," said every one to himself, "therefore, I need do nothing."

So those poor soldiers were plundered and slain, and only the fierce and cunning escaped at all.

The General said, "Those who have

thought have not yet suffered, and those who have suffered have not yet thought.''

But the King bided his time.

To Satisfy the Hungry Man.

A Feudal Lord had a big Teutonic Serf. The Teuton was dissatisfied. He said he would like more comfort and less abuse. "But," said his owner, "your miseries are due to intemperance. What you need is a high license." "Well," said the Serf, "let us try it." His condition did not improve. Then said the Serf, "I need more privileges." "Not at all," said the Feudal Lord. "Your wretched condition is due to drink: what you now need is prohibition." Said the Serf, "That should be enough." His case seemed worse than ever. "I want less oppressive taxes," said the fellow. "Not you," returned the Master. "What you lack is a system of indoor and outdoor relief." Said the Teuton, "I will try poor relief." And he became yet more miserable.

"I get too little of what I produce," said the Serf again. "Nonsense!" replied his Lord. "You have too many children: you

require well-organised charity." "Perhaps that might suffice," said the Serf. But his state became more pitiable still. And the Land Lord remarked: "The Aryan races pay too much for food. My government experts will show it," said he. "I demand more liberty," said the Serf. "You can choose your own overseer," said the Land-owner. "I should govern myself," said the fellow. "Oh no," said the Lord. "You should buy a patent cook-stove, and save the swill." The life of the Teuton grew harder and harder.

"I am going to have co-operation." "Dear me!" said the Land Lord. "Take universal suffrage instead." The Serf grew poorer and shabbier. "Give me a better currency," said he.

"It is time," said the Land Lord, "to resist these demands." And he lied to the Serf, and wheedled him out of his purpose. The Serf asked for just taxation. The Land Lord said, "Let us try to satisfy him with government ownership of water and light."

The Slave grew hungrier still. "I must take the land," said he. "What you must have," said the Land Lord, as he got up a scare of war, "is an increased army and a strong government."

"I will have your head," said the Man.

A Business Crash.

A FACTOR wanted some butcher's chopping-blocks. So he employed a telegraph company to send a message to that effect up to Bangor, Maine. The company employed a man to deliver it. The agent to whom it was addressed hired a gang of woodsmen. The men laid in a stock of flour and pork, which the farmers had raised, got teams, and went into the woods to cut the lumber. They floated it down the river to the sawmill. There it was cut into the proper lengths by the mill hands, trimmed by the carpenter's employees, and loaded, while it was still nothing but the rounded trunks of trees, into ships by the 'longshoremen. The sailors brought the load to New York, where a banker refunded to the agent, for account of the factor, the wages of all these workers.

Truckmen carted the tree trunks up to storage sheds, which had been built by some framers for that purpose. The factor em-

ployed commission men to visit the butcher shops, and, wherever the chopping-blocks looked old or unsanitary, to offer new ones at moderate prices. Then the truckmen hauled the sections of tree trunks to the various shops, and put them in position. They were no longer mere trunks of trees: they had become part of the butchers' capital.

Meanwhile the factor had made a profit on them while they were raw material, and contracted with a builder to put up a house for him on Long Island.

Next year the factor wanted to repeat the operation. He sent a letter this time, and promptly got back word that all the heavily timbered land had been bought by a syndicate, which had induced Congress to put a tariff on lumber (so as to encourage American industry), and that in view of the prospective rise in value, the syndicate had decided to restrict the supply and raise the prices, of big timber.

Upon figuring what he could get for

blocks, the manufacturer replied that he could not see anything in it for him. Therefore, the agent did not hire those men that year, the teams were not needed, and, even though the woodsmen had to go hungry, the corn and bacon could not be bought from the farmers, who had expected to find a home market for it. Business was dull up in Bangor that fall, as the mill hands were out of work and the carpenters could find nothing to do. The 'longshoremen had to strike against a threatened reduction of wages, because there were idle hands about the docks offering to work for less. The butchers got along with the old blocks for another year; and the customers ate canned beef, because the butchers, the banker, the truckmen, and the commission men all found business bad, and ascribed it variously to "financial uncertainty," "dull times," and "over production."

The factor, wishing to employ his office and to do something for which he could get pay, sent next to Rockland, to try to get

some limestone, have it burned, and sell it here; but he learned that a company which owned the Vermont lime quarries had gotten hold of the most of the Maine land, and were not selling any limestone there. He tried to get some iron ore; but the agent laughed at him, and said that was the closest monopoly in the United States, and that an outsider had no chance to get in. So the factor, whose expenses were running on, discharged his clerks and made an assignment. Bradstreet's said his failure was due to too heavy expenditures, and his clerks applied to the Charity Organisation Society for relief. The officers advised them to go to the country, — up to Maine, for instance, where there is plenty of work for all.

The Rev. Heavenly Holmes on the Incorruptible Inheritance.

A SERMON TO THE FOUR HUNDRED.

"BELOVED brethren,"—so familiarly is it the blessed privilege of even the smallest and cheapest christian minister to address his employers.—

My text is, "The earth hath he given to the children of men,"—meaning, of course, "gentlemen."

No man can add to or take away a cubit from its breadth. For the earth is the Lord's: it is not the product of any man's labour. How, then, could you have got it if the Lord had not in his mercy given it to you?

And he has given it, not to all, but to those who are able to hold it. But it is given as a Trust, and not for you to use yourselves. Now the object of all Trusts is to restrict production and to raise prices.

And that you are so doing is shown by the vacant lands about the city, and by the way in which the real estate market is sustained.

He has given the land to you for an incorruptible inheritance, — the only one that neither moth, nor meanness, nor rust can destroy, — because you are meek, because you come here on Sundays to acknowledge that you are what nobody else could venture to call you, "miserable sinners."

Had not he, in his inscrutable providence, given it to you or to your ancestors, you would have had to render some service to society in order to make a living instead of getting it; but by divine favour you have now to render service only to the Lord, who giveth unto you the spoils of your weaker brethren.

How you should praise his name, and how generously should you support his temple and the system by which we profit so much!

But you have other duties besides this. You have to contend against the insidious

attacks of sin on the lower classes. The primitive Christians contended against wickedness in high places, but we refined Christians have to contend against it only in the slums, — not, to be sure, in person, but through proper missionaries and corporations.

I have here one of the annual reports of the New York Charity Organisation Society, which is given as freely as the gospel in a mission church to all that apply. It gives a table of the causes of pauperism, with an article by an expensive professor, explaining them away, — the best method, my brethren, of avoiding an unpleasant discovery!

By offering congenial work to all "deserving cases" at sawing wood for fifty cents per day, this excellent institution refutes the atheistic cry that the Creator has not provided sufficient employment to support every one. We may easily imagine the exhilaration which comes from a few hours of this gentle exercise before break-

fast. Yet I grieve to say that a statistical table (the publication of which was lately discontinued) shows that about one man in ten refuses this simple and joyous work. My brethren, there are in this city three million persons. If one in every ten be unwilling to work, we have at our very doors the appalling total of three hundred thousand men in voluntarily idle — I mean idle voluntarily.

Why do not these people go to the fields? Because, my brethren, they are wicked. They will not live by faith, nor trust the Lord to provide for their children, while they are learning to do farm work. Nay, they fear to be alone in the country with their own evil thoughts. Therefore hath the Almighty turned the country over to you.

Their Agitators say that they have to go too far to find land, that you have taken it all up, that you have put up fences and prices, so that the children of God cannot get at his earth.

But you have taken only the land which

people might easily use. Boundless and inaccessible tracts, for which no one can find a market, may still be had at nominal prices. Ay, in our own State, farms abandoned by tenants who failed to make a living out of them may be bought for a song — above the encumbrances.

That they failed was due to their ignorance, my brethren. You should daily bow in gratitude that you are educated to gain a living at anything or at nothing. For, look again at our statistics. The dreadful fact stares us in the face that of the Association's "cases" nearly sixteen per cent. are unable to read and write. If they were intelligent, they might own newspapers and churches, editors and advocates, just as you do. Why do the children of these people insist on working in shops or factories instead of going to school and becoming intelligent like you?

Because, my brethren, they are shiftless and inefficient, the very words of the inspired report, — nearly five per cent. are

"shiftless and inefficient." This table does not, of course, give the figures as to babies, which you know are twice as numerous as are adults; but we may conclude that frightful vices are, at least, equally prevalent among the pauper young. Counting the children, then, we have fifteen per cent. of the poor to be classed as "shiftless and inefficient."

These are mostly ignorant foreigners who are overwhelming our lovely civilisation. As the table observes, only one-third of these people, even in the port of New York, are American born.

What wonder, then, that these degraded and dependent aliens are plunged in want! Here are other causes given, namely: "roving disposition," nearly one in five hundred and fifty; "dishonesty" and "imprisonment of bread-winners," more than one per cent.! and "lack of employment" and "poorly paid employment," forty-four per cent.

It is horrible that in a civilised country "dishonesty" and punishment for crime

and low wages should reduce forty-five per cent. of our population to penury. Truly, as the blessed Book tells us, their "hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

But this report gives some still more appalling figures. It shows that the giant evil of intemperance accounts for another one in ten. How startling and yet how soothing is this figure! An employer, for some reason, is reducing his help. Most employers are. Gradually, he lets those men go who are not quite steady. One of these men applies for relief to our delightful Society. Any one in want can freely apply. We send our visitor to find why he left his last place, and the employer says he laid him off because he was irregular in his habits. Ah! we know the sin and shame involved in that; and our superintendent tells the man it is his own fault, and he can do nothing for him except to report on his case. Or, lest we should seem unfeeling, we tell him to come back in a week, and then refer him to the police.

But time fails me: therefore, I pass over the computation that fifty per cent. of the "cases" of poverty need employment rather than relief. That is probably a misprint. But, if not, why do not the remaining forty per cent. reduced to pauperism by accident, disease, or old age, and so on, provide against such contingencies? Because, beloved, they are the poor whom "we will have always with us,"—else we should have to work.

The table of statistics is well worth the price of your annual subscription to the Society; and you get in addition a placard referring all applicants to it, which will save you twice as much.

These people must be dealt with through charitable and church and military organisations. It behooves us to remember that, with regard to those by whose labours we live, we are, as our Master said, "but as sheep among wolves." At any moment their unbridled appetites may drive the multitudes to use the strength of which they are

already conscious. They submit, not so much from stupidity as because each of them thinks he has a chance in the game of grab. Therefore, they are somewhat content to hope against hope. When any realise that all their chance in this world is gone, the Church holds up a prospect of a better world, where all will be as the pew-holders of this church, who think of nothing but being happy, and know neither cold nor want nor shame,— who have learned in whatsoever state society is, therewith to be content.

May the Lord give us peace in our time, and hasten the day when the wicked shall cease from troubling us, when, from the least unto the greatest, all may be content — with our great gain! Amen.

Grief, and the End of Grief.

He knew injustice had been done. The world looks very dark when one is only six and injustice has been done.

Therefore, he rested his curly head upon his chubby hands, just as once he saw his mother do. He shook with sobs, and the tears ran down his little nose and fell upon the dusty ground. And in the dust they made a dark, round hole, just like the evil world. But overhead the light clouds drifted and the bright sun shone.

A little ant toiled through the hills of sand; and, when it reached the tear-wet spot, its burden slipped into the hole. The ant rolled after it; and a tiny, dusty land-slide followed it.

The child had pity on the ant, and got a little straw to help it out. He brushed the sand into the hole; and the insect took its burden up again, and walked its rugged way.

The sun dried up the tear-wet dust. The

child's sobs ceased, for he was comforted; and he looked up, and saw the sun.

The world looks very bright when one is only six, and kindness has been done.

The Division of Labour.

In the old times a man made his plans, did his work, received his product, said it was his right, and thanked his God that there was enough for all, so no one need starve. Now, an employer makes the plans, a labourer does the work, a monopolist receives the product, a professor says it is all right, and a clergyman thanks his God there is too much for some, so no one need care.

The Little Rationalist.

The superintendent's voice rolled out musically as he read those beautiful verses, Matthew vi. 26, 28, 29:—

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns: yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin:

"And yet I say" —

"Say, mister," piped up that Bryan boy, "if I owned the land and charged them lilies rent, then where would they grow?"

"Why, you naughty boy! What a question! God could pay, — why, God owns all the land himself. That is — er — you're disturbing the school, and you'd better go home."

"Well, God can't feed no fowls on my land," said the child, as he was led out by the ear, "without he pays me the rent."

The Golden Dollar and the Mergen-thaler.

A SPECULATOR came to the Land of the Free; and, the land being free, he soon appropriated it to himself. Those who wished to work on the land itself, or on things furnished by the land, became unsatisfied in body and dissatisfied in mind. The Farmers first felt the restraint. Said they: —

"We have to use poor land, or else pay a third of our crops for the use of good land. We" —

"Stop," said the Speculator. "It is not monopoly that is the matter, but the money you have."

"But we haven't any money," said they.

"Perhaps not," said the Speculator. "But I have, and the Golden Thaler makes the Farmer poor."

Those who supported his interest added: —

"Farming is very bad, but you should work fifteen hours instead of ten. Then you can all live."

"That's long hours," said the Farmers.

"You are a lot of Anarchists," said the Speculator.

The Speculator printed all this for general circulation. When the Printers saw it, they did not believe it. Said they: —

"The Farmer and the Mechanic can't get at the resources of the earth: therefore, they can't earn anything to pay for what we print. We" —

"Oh, no: it isn't I that make the trouble," said the Speculator. "It is the machines we have."

"But we haven't any machines," said the Printers.

"True; but I have," replied the Specu lator. "It is the Mergen Thaler that makes Printers poor."

Those who were attached to the Monopoly system added: —

"Business certainly is bad, but you should work but five days a week. Then there will be enough work for you all."

"That's short wages," said the Printers.

"You're a pack of Demagogues," said the Speculator.

"We don't want more work," said the Farmers.

"We don't want less work," said the Printers.

"We want the Earth," said both together.

"The people are crazy about those socialist ideas," said the Speculator. "We need a bigger standing army and a war."

Reconstruction.

THREE turbulent soldiers lay in gaol. Pending their trial, they strove to get out. They tried to bribe the gaolers, they reasoned with the turnkeys, they appealed constantly to the Governor, and betweentimes they tunnelled under the wall.

One of them made a plan to blow up the gaol. Said the first prisoner, as they worked together, "When we've broken down the gaol, we'll build an orphan asylum here."

"We will not," said the second, "orphan asylums mean slavery."

"It's a monument we'll build to Henry George," said the third.

With that they stopped the work, and fell to fighting. At that moment the benevolent warden came in. Said he: "You agitators here are making a mistake. There isn't any outside to this gaol: the best we can do is to improve the condition of the poor within." So he put them in a stronger cell.

They said, "Had we not quarrelled, we would have been free."

Lords of the Air.

It was in 1903 that the Supreme Court of the United States found for the plaintiff in the great case of Simon Magus against the mayor, aldermen, etc., of Olathe, Kansas. The case was this: A part of Olathe was built on the lands owned by Magus, who acquired an enormous fortune by selling them. He laid out streets, granting rights of way, "but reserving to himself all other rights in the streets." Nevertheless, the people of Kansas, as the complaint set forth, "wrongfully and maliciously assumed to breathe the air in said streets, and committed other trespasses upon the rights of said Magus in said air."

The court held, following the "single tax" case (Tawresey *v.* the Town of Dover, Superior Court of Kent County, Delaware), that the street was merely for passage.

This finding occasioned greater surprise than the income tax decision of some years past (Pollock *v.* Farmers' Loan and Trust

Company and Hyde *v.* Continental Trust Company, 158 U. S. 601), and a rehearing was held.

It was urged that the use of the air was necessary to the right of way, and was therefore included in it. But the learned judges pointed out that it is just as necessary to be fed as to breathe, in order to travel; and yet, although food, unlike air, is actually produced from the ground, no one claimed the right to grow food product on the highway as an incident to its use.

The court urged with much force that the railroads also are highways, in which the people have special rights (Munn *v.* People of Illinois, 94 U. S. Supreme Court), and that cars were necessary to their use, but that it could not be claimed that the right to the use of the road-bed gives a right to the free use of the cars.

It was urged that the finding was in violation of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, as provided in Amendment 1, United States Constitution. But, citing

The Commonwealth *v.* Davis (Massachusetts Law Reports, June, 1897), the court held that men might be prohibited from assembling, preaching, breathing, or doing anything else in the streets, and that, by taking the proper steps and paying the fee, any citizen could obtain license to breathe the air in public highways (same case, 140 Mass. 485).

Laws taxing immigration had been uniformly upheld (Edye *et al. v.* Robertson, Circuit Court, E. D. N. Y. 1883); though such laws deny the use, not only of the air, but even of access, except upon payment of the fee. It was further said that the ordinances opening the streets, in their form, exclude such use, and that the principle of the ordinance is constitutional (Dillon's Municipal Corporations, p. 250, 2d ed.).

The new doctrine was extended, and on the principle laid down in Mackall *v.* Ratchford, 82 F. 41, injunctions were obtained against strikers, that breathed the air upon

roads belonging to the company. The Appellate Court justly said, in sustaining the injunctions, that common property in air worked very well in primitive times; but so did common property in land. The general experience of mankind, however, had improved upon such plans. "There is no force," said the learned court, "in the strenuous contention of counsel for the defendants that the doctrine of rights in air is new; for we find in Blackstone, Book II., chapter xxvi., section 31: 'Ancient Lights. — Thus, too, the benefit of the elements, the light, the air, and the water, can be appropriated only by occupancy. If I have an ancient window overlooking my neighbour's ground, he may not erect any blind to obstruct the light.'" It follows that easements of wind, and even of light, were, and still are, allowed in England.

Nor is the decision of the lower court in contravention of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, guar-

anteeing the right to life and liberty; for it is open to any one to become an air lord.

(See cases cited on behalf of defendant in Charles River Bridge *v.* Warren Bridge, 7 Pick. 344 Mass.)

The decision was quickly followed in the House of Lords, the Chamber of Deputies, and the high courts of other countries; and, as nearly all land-owners have rights in the streets, numerous suits were instituted.

In fact, one shyster attorney, the owner of a little plot which was mortgaged for all it was worth, had summonses printed, and, relying upon the principle that every one has a right to sue every one else, served them upon all that passed, at the rate of several hundred a day. Nearly every one failed to answer, and the costs brought him in a pretty fortune.

Capital came to the rescue; the Pneumatic Tube Company, which got a franchise in 1897 to lay tubes under New York streets, supplied "penny-in-the-slot" flexible tubes, from which air might be

inhaled, as pedestrians passed over land whose proprietors had reserved their rights in air. Boxes of condensed air, to be carried on the back, were also sold at a nominal charge.

Knowing that the poorest boy might become an air lord himself, just as he might become President, and that "competition among owners would keep prices down to a reasonable figure," just as it had kept down rents, the people acquiesced, and were quite as contented as they are now.

The Natural Bent.

A Wolf there was, and he was ravenous and huge. He snapped at his fellows, and would not hunt with the pack. He ate his cubs, and, because he was fierce and swift, he killed more prey than he could eat.

God blessed his brute, and said to him, "Feast on your cubs, and eat their mother, too; for there is nothing better for a Wolf."

A Pariah-dog there was, and he was strong and churlish. The hand that caressed him he bit. In the night he went sheep-stealing, till watch-dogs attacked him. Then he ran away, and saved his skin.

God blessed his cur, and said, "Go, fill yourself with flesh, and tear the friendly hand; for that is the best you know."

A Hound there was, and he was cunning and sharp. He hunted game, and watched the house. But, when he could, he stole; and he lived in fear of the whip.

God blessed his creature, saying to him, "Ay, steal the game, and fear the lash; for only so you may learn."

A Mastiff there was, and he loved the children; and, when gypsies stole his master's sheep, he flew upon the men. But with other dogs he fought, and he would leave his charge for strife.

God blessed his dog, and said, "Yes, guard the sheep, and fight till your flesh is torn to shreds; for that is the way I teach."

. . . . . .

For Beast or Man learns only by working out experience. Dog eats dog in war, and what we call sins and consequences are but lessons in the primer of our Nature's God.

An Imaginary Conversation.

We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Now suppose the Lord should say: "Come, let us reason together. What exactly do you want me to do?" We would say, "Send down a shower of bread, like the manna." And the Lord would answer: "If I do, it will belong, under your law, to the owners of land. Do you all own land?" And we should be obliged to say, "No: the poor, who do not own any, could only pick up what was untrampled in the streets." Then God would say, "Why, that isn't a satisfactory way of relieving poverty."

He might continue: "Where does your bread come from? From the land by labour, does it not?" "Yes." "Well," he would say, "most of your own country is still vacant and unused. All the inhabitants of your world could go into your State of Texas alone, and leave the rest of the earth empty and desolate; yet there would be fewer than ten persons— say, two

families — to the acre. Now you don't want me to make more land, do you?'' ''No,'' the labourer would say. ''We voters have made laws which encourage a few to take all land and do nothing with it.'' ''Well,'' the Most High would answer, ''it is not to me you should make this prayer, but to yourselves and to your fellows. I have given you your daily bread in the best possible way, by offering you a chance to work for it; and you have put it out of your hands.''

The Submerged Tenth.

A CHARITABLE PERSON had a great house, the cellar of which was flooded with water, so that his servants, who lived there, were in misery.

Every day, therefore, knowing that dampness caused malaria, the Person dried them off, and dosed them with quinia. When some of the servants objected, he called the Board of Health, which "treated" them by force.

A few of the neighbours would occasionally bail out pailfuls of the water. "See," said they, "how we are relieving poverty." One man of large philanthropy contracted for a pump, at which he worked both day and night, so that he broke down his health. The water he had pumped out soaked back again through the lower walls.

Now there was a spring, which was intended to supply the house with water; but it had been diverted from its course, so that there was no water in the pipes, but only in the cellar.

The Benevolent Person said, "God made these people poor, that he might arouse in me divine compassion." His Wife said: "Oh, how good you are! Besides, if there were not such poor, who would carry up water for us?" His Son said, "Yes, but let me turn the spring back into its course, so that the water will flow into all the pipes, and we will stop this wretchedness."

The charitable person answered, "I am not familiar with your theories of springs, but experience teaches me that there is no cure-all."

His Daughter, who was a sweet girl-graduate, said, "To understand the needs of people, one needs to live among them." Therefore, she made a college settlement in the cellar. After six months' residence among the poor, she said that what the lower classes chiefly needed was a boat.

The Public Beneficiary.

A MAN wanted to build a little house for himself. So he went to one of the new towns, near the city, and said to the Land-owner, "What do you ask for your Boomhurst lots?" Said he, "Five hundred dollars a lot." "Nonsense!" said the Man. "Why, I can go right over to Specville, at the other side of the city, where the land is just as good as yours, and just as near the centre, and just as well situated, and buy lots for a hundred dollars a lot; and you ask five!" "Well," said the Land-owner, "I suppose you can in Specville. But over there, when you step out of your door, you will step ankle-deep in mud: now, we have good pavements. Over there, when you come home at night, you have to carry a lantern; but we have city lights. There you have to dig a well in the back yard, and haul up your water; but we've got public water-works. There, if your house catches fire, it may burn down;

but we've a good fire department. Over there, your children will grow up without education, but here we have a public school. Over there, if somebody annoys your wife when your're away, you have no help; but we have uniformed police. Now wouldn't you rather pay five hundred dollars for my lots, with all these improvements, than pay one hundred dollars over there?" "Well," said the Man, "I suppose I would."

So he bought his lot; and, being a mechanical sort of fellow, he started to put up his house. He hadn't got more than the second tier of beams up, when some one tapped him on the shoulder. "Got a bill for you." "Bill for me?" says he. "I haven't bought anything here." "No," says the man, "I'm the Tax Collector." "The Tax Collector? Oh! Well, what are taxes for?" "Why," said the Tax Collector, "they're for public streets and lights and water-works and fire department and schools and police." "Why," said the man, "I paid for those things when I

bought my lot." "So you did," said the Tax Collector. "So you did. But you paid the wrong man, and you'll have to pay it over again to me every year hereafter."

The Right to the Use of the Man.

SEVERAL persons laid claim to a native of Borioboola Gha. Now this native was an Anarchist or something, and contended that he could not rightfully be made private property. So the matter came up in the Court of Borioboola Equity.

Captain Cook set up that he had discovered the man. "No one knew about him," said he, "except his family, until I came and found him: therefore, he is mine."

"Not at all," answered Mr. Leo Briton. "I came into possession of him by slaying some of his defenders, and driving away the rest: therefore, he belongs to me and to my grantees."

Mr. Monopoli's attorney here remarked that his client had appropriated this Indian's great-grandfather, and that the lapse of time and the statute of limitations had confirmed his client's possession of the whole family.

There appeared also the sons of Captain Kidd, who admitted that they had acquired their title "by violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, and the claims of superior cunning," but urged that immemorial custom and the wisdom of the ages had confirmed their possession also. They said, "You would not strip poor orphans of their property?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Socialis, "your claims are merely theoretical: the unimproved value of this man, to which you lay claim, is nothing. I taught him to read and to work, and I furnished him the tools. I have indissolubly mingled my labour with him; so hand him over to me."

At this moment a wail was heard, and Mrs. Poor Widow rushed into court. She cried: "I bought this Indian, with all his incidents, from the grantees of Mr. Briton. I gave for my estate in him a full equivalent of honestly earned wealth. Society has ratified the purchase by constitutions and fugitive slave laws, and the Church has sancti-

fied my title by the authority of Holy Writ."

As it was clear that the man would be dead before the court could establish the title to him, the matter was referred to Mr. Christian Civilisation, who handed down the following decision: "Such claims can never make a title to anything except products of labour. You did not make this man, and he is not a piece of land. Therefore, chattel slavery must be abolished: but this man must earn his living in the sweat of his brow, and your living in the rent of your land. Let judgment be entered accordingly."

The Consolations of Scientific Religion.

The Tigress had been eating her cubs. Having a little indigestion, she was inclined to repent; but philosophy came to her aid.

"Rapine," she reflected, "is the law of existence. See how the fleas are biting me." She licked her chops. "The survival of the fittest," thought she, "is the way of progress for the race." She looked at the last cub. "Great rewards and fearful punishments," she sighed, as she scrunched its head, "are necessary to make us do our best." She settled herself to sleep. "There will be no change," she added drowsily, "till consciousness awakes in cubs."

Society is a Tigress.

Relative Right.

"I AM wasting my strength," said I to the Prophet, "on these 'reforms.' The people are stupid or crazy" —

"A team was running away," said the Prophet; "and I saw three that stood by their path. One said: 'The beasts are going wrong. If I stand up against them, they will surely run over me.' So he ran sidewise at them, and sheered them out of the road, so that the wagon was broken, and the horses plunged wildly on.

"Another said, 'That did no good.' So he sprang in their way, and waved his arms. Before the horses could turn, the wagon-pole struck him, and the team ran on.

"The third said nothing. But, as the brutes turned up the road, he began to run the same way they were going; and, as they were gaining on him, he seized the reins and stopped the team."

I said, "Do you mean that we should go wrong because others do?"

Relative Right

"My son," said the Prophet, "the man ran the same way as the horse; yet he went right, not wrong."

All Satisfied.

A LABOURER'S Boss quarrelled with a journeyman. The Boss kindly offered the foreman five dollars to fight the journeyman. The foreman grabbed the labourer's coat to wrap around his arm. "This is a righteous war," said the foreman. "Here have I made five dollars by it already."

In the fight the coat was torn to shreds. So the Boss paid the labourer five dollars for the coat. "See," said the labourer, "what a good thing for me is war! Here have I got a big price for my coat, and a Dutch Sweater has found employment making another."

Though he got his jaw broken in the fight, the foreman finally thrashed the journeyman. The gratified foreman and the patriotic Boss voted twenty dollars (out of the shop wages) to pay the expenses of the fight and a pension for the foreman.

Their Representative charged ten dollars for collecting the tax from the foreman and

the labourer. "See," said their Representative, "what a good thing for me is war." The foreman did not answer, for his jaw was broken.

"Me, too!" said the Boss.

"It's a fat thing for me," said the Dutchman.

"Um," said the labourer. "My wits were a fat thing, too!"

"Separate from Sinners."

I SAID: "I will separate myself from the world, O Lord. My soul is white, and I am weary of the sins of men."

God said: "Your hands are red. How came your soul so white?"

I answered: "Lord, it is a bloody world; and generations of men have suffered from their sins. I have profited by their errors. Have I not seen how evil spots the soul? I have kept mine white."

"Are all your brethren's souls now white?" said God.

I hung my head.

"Go back to your work"; said God. "you have learned in their pains, and you must suffer in their penalties."

An Appeal to Force.

A Missionary went to enlighten the Cannibals; but the Chiefs said that it was the natural condition of common people to be eaten by their rulers; and would not listen at all. The Priests said that his doctrines were contrary to the Sacred Books, and that the Gods would reward those who were eaten. Therefore, the missionary turned to the poor.

Then the officials of the tribe called him a demagogue and a foreigner; and their party, with a political club, rebuked him at the polls.

The Commercial Savages said, "We eat our neighbour, as he would eat us," which is the Golden Rule of trade.

The Devout Men of the age said that there was over-population, and that the divine intent was that the surplus should be eaten.

The Philosophers explained that the sages of old had always been man-eaters.

They showed, also, that the strong and intelligent must eat the weak and stupid; for this was the law of progress.

The Orthodox Cannibals said, "Men are black and good for nothing, but they are foreordained to be served on toast."

The Privileged Classes said that it was rank dishonesty to deprive the poor widow and the orphan of their means of subsistence. They clearly showed that to allow the rabble to be uneaten would be to overturn Society.

The Missionary insisted, nevertheless, that men should not be eaten. The rulers called him an Anarchist and a Bryanite, and ate him, too.

But next year two missionaries came.

"Ha! Help, hel"— The Bank Director threw up his arms, and the water choked his cry. He came to the surface again, and saw for a second the broken dock, the huge confusion,— a stout lady held afloat by the air under her skirts, her feet kicking ludicrously beneath the silk; — the new-launched ship. He gasped for breath, and took the water in: it was like a strangling hand up on his throat. He felt that he had been a good man; surely he would be saved! . . . It seemed as if he floated gently through the air. He had a buzzing in his ears. Then quiet and dreams,— such dreams: they come and go.—

A strong man wanders wearily, foul-smelling and unkempt. He looks in vain for work, for every one refuses him. He fumbles in the offal for a scrap of food, and drains the beer-kegs out. At last he finds a ragged plot of land, and breaks the soil. He borrows a little seed and tools. His

plants begin to sprout. A policeman takes him roughly by the arm; scuffling, he strikes him with his club, and throws him into a cell; and, as he locks the door, the policeman's face comes into the light: it is the Director's face. He screams: "It was not I did that. The land was mine by law. It was the Court that dispossessed" —

The Director feels the people lift his arms. . . .

A handsome boy is reeling down the street, shouting a maudlin song. An old man leads him on — they look alike. A door opens in a low street, and both go in. There are lights and wine-bottles and dice. The lad drinks; he is getting stupid now, the old man turns the lad's pockets out, and throws him into the street. The blood spouts from the boy's ears, and the old man looks around. God! It is the Director's face! He shrieks: "I never have done that! It is my only son. I gave him everything he asked. What more was there that I could do? I had no time" —

The Director is conscious that men are putting warm things to his feet. . . .

On a cot lies a little child; its eyes are burned with fever, and its pinched lips crack. Its mother totters home, she is so tired; but light is in her eyes; for in her pail is the food, and in a tiny packet the costly medicine that the doctor has prescribed. Behind her glides a thief; in the packet he pricks a hole, and into the pail he drops a deadly adulterant. The mother looks about — the medicine has been lost, she thinks. Tears are in her eyes, but she gives the baby what she has. A quiver shakes the little creature's frame. The mother shrieks, the thief looks proudly round. His face is the Director's own! "I did not do that! I got my profits by the laws the same as other men. It was the tax that took" —

The Director knows that men are rubbing his limbs. . . .

A bare, mean room, and across the bed a girl, partly undressed. Beside the bed a

man in his underclothes. The girl's cheeks and neck, down to her little breasts, are crimson with shame; and she is crying timidly. She sobs, "Mamma!" then stops. The man turns angrily. God pity him! His face is the Director's face! "I never did such things as that! I paid the market price for labour in the store. It was want that drove her to that life. I could not help — Ha! these are no dreams!"

. . . "It is no use," said the Doctor. "He is dead, quite dead, — probably from shock. What a loss he will be to Society!"

A Visiouary.

The interpreter took me by the hand, and led me into a cave, across the mouth of which was a great gully; and one standing on the hither side of the gully was building with bridge planks. But, because he could not reach to the further side, he built the frame of a bridge straight up toward heaven.

Then said I, 'Why does he build in the air, for in that manner he can never span the gulf?''

The interpreter answered, ''Wait and see.'' And I saw that the man climbed to the top of his framework; and, because he greatly desired to span the gulf, he built out on the side which was toward the opposite bank. When he had builded thus for a long time, the weight of the timbers overbalanced the frame work, so that it fell across the gulf; and it was a bridge for all men to walk upon.

Then said I, ''What means this?'' The interpreter replied: ''He whom you saw is

an Idealist, who seems to arrive at nothing, so that men say he is impractical; yet is his mind fixed upon making an advance. Now, when he finds no way of going forward, he aspires to go higher. In the fulness of time his desire creates a way, and the bridge overbalances, so that it spans the chasm.''

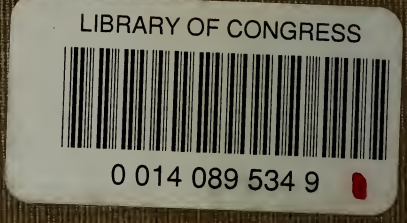
I asked of him, ''But what of the man?'' Then answered the interpreter: ''His body was crushed in the overturn. Nevertheless, he built the bridge and went over it; 'Yea,' saith the Spirit, 'for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' ''

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